FAMILY HERALD

Useful Information and Amusement for the Million.

HE WHO AMUSES HIS GUESTS BY SATIRIZING THEIR FRIENDS, PAYS A POOR COMPLIMENT TO THE UNDERSTANDINGS OF THOSE WHO HEAR HIM.

IT IS WITH FLOWERS, AS WITH MORAL QUALITIES: THE BRIGHT-COLOURED ARE SOMETIMES POISONOUS, BUT NEVER THE SWEET-SMELLING.

No. 63.—Vol. II.] FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 20, 1844. [Price One Penny.

THE STORY-TELLER.

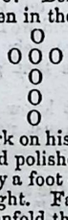
THE WANDERING JEW.—By Eugene Sue.

Prologue—*The Two Continents.*

The Polar Sea surrounds with a circle of enduring ice the inhospitable coasts of Siberia and North America, the extreme limits of Asia and America, which are separated by Behring's Straits. September was now at its close; and the shortening gloomy day will soon be succeeded by the long, stormy night. The dark blue sky, streaked with lines of violet, is faintly illumined by the sun, whose disc, nearly level with the horizon, shines feebly on the dazzling gleam of the snow, which extends over the whole immensity of the steppes. To the northward, this inhospitable desert is bounded by a rocky coast of the most rugged and gigantic description; at whose base lies the Frozen Ocean, tossed by storms and thaws into various fantastic and Alpine ridges, whose numerous and glittering tops disappear in the distance in snowy haze. To the eastward, between the two points of Cape Oulikine, the boundary of Siberia, a line of obscure green meets the eye, along which enormous towering icebergs are slowly borne—that is Behring's Straits; and, beyond and towering above them, stand the granite masses of Cape Wales, the extreme point of North America. These desolate regions no longer belong to the inhabitable world; their fearful frosts rend the rocks, shiver the trees, and tear the very soil asunder, filling up the interstices with fanciful icicles of every form. No human being seems able to explore the solitude of these regions of frosts and tempests, famine and death;—yet strange!—the snow which constantly covers the deserts of the extremities of both these continents, is marked by the footsteps of human beings!

On the American side, the mark of footsteps, small and light, evidently bespeak the traces of a woman, who has bent her course towards the rocks just described, as overlooking the snowy steppes of Siberia; while, on the Asiatic side, the same impression, but larger and deeper, betray the heavy footsteps of a man, who has also directed his journey towards the straits. One would suppose, that this man and woman, arriving thus from opposite quarters at the extreme points of the two continents, have hoped to gain a glance at each other across the narrow arm of the sea which separates them. Still more strange! this man and woman have traversed these dismal solitudes during a fearful tempest; for a few black larch trees, the growth of centuries, whose bare and tortuous branches pointed, not long since, to the desert, like crosses in a burying-ground, have been riven, and shattered, and strewn all around. This furious hurricane, which has uprooted mighty trees, which rends mountains of ice, and hurls them with the crash of thunder against each other—even this furious hurricane these two travellers have endured, and that without deviating for a moment from the line they were pursuing. We know it by the trace of their footsteps, equal, straight, and firm.

But who are these two beings, who thus calmly journey amid the convulsions and revolutions of nature? Beneath the clouted shoes of the man, seven raised nails had been driven in the form of a cross,



which everywhere leaves its mark on his path. On first seeing the deep distinct impressions in the hard and polished snow, one would suppose it a soil of marble powerfully stamped by a foot of bronze. But soon the short-lived day gives way to the dreary night. Favoured by the white refraction of the snow, one sees the steppes unfold their infinite whiteness under a heavy dome of so sombre an azure that they seem actually black. The pale stars disappear in the depths of this obscure and frozen vault. The silence is solemn! But behold, towards the straits, a faint gleam appears on the horizon; at first it seems a faint bluish light, like that which precedes the rising of the moon; then the light increases in intensity, and assumes a pale roseate tint, while in all the rest of the heavens the darkness is redoubled. Scarcely is the white extent of the desert, now so visible, distinguished from the black arching of the firmament. Amidst this obscurity, strange confused noises are heard; one would deem them the flight—now crepitating, now flapping—of some mighty birds of night, who, wildly wandering, graze the steppes and descend upon them, though not one cry is heard. This mute terror announces the approach of one of those imposing phenomena which strike with awe all animate beings, from the most ferocious to the most harmless; in short, an aurora borealis suddenly shines out, a sight so frequent and so magnificent in the polar regions. On the horizon a semi-globe of brilliant light is formed; from the centre of this dazzling focus shoot up immense columns of light, which, reaching an immeasurable height, illume the heavens, the earth, and the sea. Intense reflections of light, like those of a conflagration, then glide athwart the snow of the desert, crimson the bluish tops of the icy mountains, and colour with a sombre red the lofty blackened peaks of the two continents. Having attained this magnificent radiance, the vivid glow of the aurora borealis grows gradually pale, and is finally extinguished in a luminous mist.

At this moment, thanks to a singular effect of mirage frequent in these latitudes, the American coast, although separated from Siberia by an arm of the sea, seems suddenly to be brought so near, that one would believe in the possibility of a bridge being thrown from the one continent to the other; and, amidst the transparent and azure vapour, which spreads over the whole, two human figures appeared. On the Siberian cape, a man, on his knees, was extending his arms towards America with a deep expression of despair; while, on the American promontory, a young and beautiful woman replied to the desponding gestures of the man by pointing to heaven. For a few seconds, these two noble forms were revealed, pale and shadowy, to the last gleams of the aurora borealis; but the haze by degrees thickening, the whole gradually disappeared in darkness. Whence came these two beings, who thus met, under the pole, on the extremity of the two continents? Who are these two creatures, who, though for an instant approximated by a deceptive mirage, seem separated for eternity?

Part I.—*The White Falcon.*—Chapter I.—*Morok.*

October is approaching its end. Although it is still daylight, a four-burner brass lamp illumines the chinked walls of a large vault, the single window of which is closed against the light. A ladder, which extends beyond the aperture of an open trap-door, serves as a staircase; and, thrown helter-skelter on the floor, are chains of iron, collars with spikes, shackles with saw-teeth, muzzles bristled with nails, and long blades of steel fixed into handles of wood. In a corner is placed a small portable stove, similar to those used by plumbers for melting their lead; and, as charcoal is already piled over dried chips, one spark would suffice to kindle it in an instant.

Not far from this medley of uncommon instruments, which resemble more than anything else the paraphernalia of an executioner, are some weapons belonging to a more remote age. A coat of mail, formed of rings, at once so fine and close that it resembles a tissue of steel, is placed upon a coffer, by the side of leggings and armlets of iron in good condition; a battle-axe, two long triangular pikes, with ashen handles, at once solid and light, upon which are seen recent stains of blood, complete this panoply—a little modernised by two Tyrolean carbines, loaded and ready for immediate use. With this collection of murderous weapons and antiquated barbarous instruments is curiously mixed a motley assemblage of matters of a very different description—there are small glass-cases, containing rosaries, chaplets, medals, *agnus dei*, small founts for holy water, framed images of saints, and, finally, a goodly number of religious pamphlets, printed at Fribourg, on coarse bluish paper—pamphlets in which divers modern miracles are related, in which is quoted an autograph letter of Jesus Christ, addressed to one of the faithful, in which are found the most horrible predictions against impious and revolutionary France for the years 1831-32. One of those canvas paintings with which showmen adorn the front of their booths hangs from a transverse beam in the roof, no doubt in order that the same may not be injured by being too long rolled up, and bears the following inscription:—

"*The true and memorable conversion of Ignatius Morok, surnamed the Prophet, who arrived at Fribourg in the year* 1822."

This picture, in its proportions larger than nature, of outrageous colours and abominable execution, is divided into three compartments, which represent the different periods in the life of this convert, called *The Prophet.*

In the first is seen a man with a long whitish beard, and fierce countenance, clad in the skins of the rein-deer, after the costume of the savage tribes of Northern Siberia. He wears a black fox-fur cap, crowned by the head of a raven, and his features are meant to express great terror. Bent head of a raven, and his features are meant to express great terror. Bent over his sledge, which is drawn by six huge wild dogs, he glides rapidly over the snow, pursued by a herd of foxes, wolves, monstrous bears, who all, with gaping mouths and formidable fangs, seemed capable of devouring the man, the dogs, and the sledge, a hundred times over. Beneath this is inscribed:—

"*In* 1810 *Morok is idolatrous, and flies before ferocious beasts.*"

In the second compartment, Morok, clad in the pure white robe of a catechumen, is kneeling, with clasped hands, before a man habited in a long black gown, with white bands. In a corner of the picture, a tall angel, of forbidding features, holds in one hand a trumpet, and in the other a flaming sword. The following words issue from his mouth, in scarlet characters on a black ground:

"Morok, the Idolater, flew before ferocious beasts—they will fly before Ignatius Morok, converted and baptized at Fribourg."

In the third compartment, the new convert, in fact, towers proud, superb, triumphant in his long blue robe, and its ample folds; his head is elevated, his left hand clenched and resting on his side, while his right is extended. He seems to awe a crowd of tigers, hyænas, bears, and lions, who, concealing their claws, crawl at his feet submissive and fearful. Beneath this last compartment is inscribed—as a moral conclusion:

"Ignatius Morok is converted—ferocious beasts crawl at his feet."

Not far from these *tableaux* are several parcels of small books also printed at Fribourg, in which is related by what astounding miracles the idolater Morok, once converted, had suddenly acquired a supernatural power, almost divine, from which the most ferocious beasts could not escape. This was fully borne witness to, by the daily exercises which the tamer of the beasts practised, less to exhibit any courage or boldness of his own, than to give glory to God.

* * * * * * * * *

Through the trap-door opening to the loft exhales, as by puffs, a rank, bitter, strong, and penetrating odour. Every now and then are heard sonorous and powerful groans, and deep aspirations, followed by a rumbling noise like that of huge bodies rolling outspread heavily on the floor.

In this loft, a man sits alone. It is Morok, the tamer of ferocious beasts, surnamed *The Prophet.*

He is forty years of age, his stature of the middle size, his limbs spare, and his body slender. He is wrapped wholly in a long pelisse, of a blood-red hue, and furred with sable: his fair complexion is bronzed by the wandering life he has led since childhood; his hair, of that peculiar sandy tint so common to certain tribes of the northern regions, hangs quite wiry, straight and stiff over his shoulders; his nose, thin, sharp, and curved; and a long white beard descends from his prominent and high cheek bones. That which singularly stamps, however, the physiognomy of this man, is his strange staring eyes, displaying the wild and shifting pupil, ever surrounded by a circle of white. His fixed and extraordinary look possessed the power of fascination over all animals; which, however, prevented not the Prophet from availing himself of it, to tame those who were so numerously scattered around him.

Seated before a table, he has just opened the double bottom of a casket, filled with chaplets and other similar gewgaws, for the use of the devout. In this double bottom, secured by a secret lock, are several sealed envelopes, the superscriptions of which are a number combined with a letter of the alphabet. The Prophet takes one of the parcels, places it in the pocket of his pelisse, and securing the secret of the double bottom, puts it on a shelf.

This scene takes place at the White Falcon Inn, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the only one in the small village of Mockeron, situated near Leipsic, on the main road from the north of Europe to France.

After a few moments a hoarse and hollow voice causes the loft to tremble.

"*Judas*, silence!" said the Prophet, in a menacing tone, turning his head towards the trap-door.

Another dull groan is heard, but as formidable as distant thunder.

"*Cain*, silence!" cries Morok, starting to his feet.

A third groan, of inexpressible ferocity, suddenly burst forth.

"*Death*, wilt thou be silent!" cries the Prophet, and he rushes towards the door, addressing himself to a third invisible animal, which bears the awful name of Death.

In spite of the habitual authority of his voice, or his reiterated menaces, the tamer of beasts failed in obtaining silence; on the contrary, in an instant, the loud yelling of several dogs was added to the roarings of the ferocious animals. Morok lays hold of a pike, approaches the ladder, and is about to descend, when he sees some one enter from the trap-door.

The face of the new comer is bronzed with the sun. He wears a broad-brimmed hat, a short jacket, and loose trowsers of green cloth. His leathern gaiters, covered with dust, indicate the travel of a long journey; and a game-bag is fastened with straps to his back.

"The devil's in the animals!" he cried, as he reached the loft. "They seem to have forgotten me these last three days. Judas pushed his paw through the bars of his cage, and Death bounded about like a fury! They know me no longer it would appear." This was exclaimed in German.

Morok replied in the same language, with a slight foreign accent—"Good or bad news, Karl," inquired he, anxiously.

"Good."—"You met them?"—Yesterday, two leagues from Wittemberg."—"God be praised!" cried Morok, joining his hands with an air of profound satisfaction. "Oh! it is all simple enough; that's the direct road from France to Russia. I should have bet a thousand to one they would be met between Wittemberg and Leipsic."

"And the description?"—"Is quite correct. The two young maidens are in mourning; the horse is white; the old man wears long moustaches, a blue foraging cap, a grey cloak, and is followed by a Siberian dog."

"And you left them?"—"A league's distance—they will be here in an hour."

"And in this inn, since it is the only one in the village," said Morok, musingly.

"And night is rapidly advancing," added Karl.

"Did you enter into conversation with the old man?"—"With him!—How can you think of it?"

"How?"—"To do it, that's all."—"But why?"—"It was impossible."

"Why impossible?"

"Oh, you shall hear. I accompanied them as far as the place where they slept yesterday, as if I had met them by accident; I spoke to the old man in German, accosting him with the usual 'Good day!—pleasant journey, comrades!' In reply, he looked suspiciously at me, and silently pointed with his staff to the other side of the road."

"But he's a Frenchman, you know, and may not understand German."

"He speaks it as well as you do. Didn't I hear him give his orders to the landlord yesterday?"

"And, while at the inn, did you not try to draw him into conversation?"

"Only once, and he answered me so surlily, that, for fear of betraying myself, I did not try it again. Between ourselves, the old fellow looks as fierce as the devil; and though thin as a skeleton, he has a very vigorous, decided look about him. I don't know whether he or my comrade Goliah would have the advantage in a fray. I know nothing of your projects; but have a care, master, have a care. Remember, I put you on your guard."

"My black panther, from Java, was as vigorous, and very fierce," said Morok, with a disdainful smile.

"*Death!* It is true. But she is as fierce and vigorous as ever—being only tame enough to you."

"In like manner will I subdue this old man, in spite of his force and brutality."

"Hem, hem! Mistrust yourself, master. You are skilful, and as brave as many going; but take you my word for it, you will never make a lamb of the old wolf who will arrive presently."

"Do not my lion Cain and my tiger Judas crouch before me in terror?"

"I believe you, for you possess certain means which"——

"Because I have faith—that is all—entirely all." Morok pronounced this imperiously, interrupting Karl, and accompanying his words with such a disdainful smile as made the other look down in silence.

"Why may not he whom the Lord sustains in his struggles with wild beasts be sustained in his struggles with man?" added the Prophet, in a triumphant and inspired tone.

Whether he believed what his master asserted, or whether he found himself unable to contend with him on so delicate a subject, Karl humbly replied, "You are wiser than I am, master. What you do must be well done."

"Did you follow them all day?" resumed the Prophet, after a moment's silence.

"Yes; but it was at a distance. Knowing the country well, sometimes I ran across a valley, sometimes along the mountain's side, keeping my eye steadily on the road, where I could always see the travellers. The last time I saw them I was squatted behind the tile-maker's water-mill. As they were on the high road, and night was coming on, I hurried forward to let you know of their approach, and bring what you are pleased to call good news."

"Good! Yes, very good! and you shall be rewarded; for had these people escaped me——" The Prophet paused, and shuddered; his voice and expression betrayed the importance of the intelligence he had received.

"By the bye," rejoined Karl, "it may deserve some attention; for the Russian courier, in gold lace, who came without dismounting from St. Petersburg to find you, was perhaps for——"

Morok interrupted Karl abruptly. "And who told you," cried he, "that this courier had anything in common with these travellers? You are wrong, and can only know what I tell you."

"Be it so, master. Pardon me, and we'll say no more about it. I'll now get rid of my shooting-bag, and go help Goliah to feed the beasts; for it is supper-time, and past. Does that great Goliah neglect his duty, master?"

"Goliah's gone out, and must not know that you are returned. Above all, the old man and the maidens must not see you—it might cause suspicion."

"Where, then, am I to go?"

"Wait in the shed, at the end of the stable, for my orders. I may possibly send you to Leipsic this evening."

"As pleases you. I have some food left in my bag, and I can sup and rest in my hiding-place."

"Begone!"

"Master, remember what I told you. Beware of the old grey moustache; he is devilish resolute, and I am certain he's a rough customer. Therefore, beware!"—"Never fear; I am always on my guard," said Morok.

"Then success to you, master," cried Karl, as he disappeared down the ladder.

Kindly waving his hand to his servant, the Prophet paced to and fro for some time in profound meditation; then taking from the secret drawer a long letter, he read it over deliberately again and again. From time to time he would rise, and walking towards the closed shutter, which opened on the yard of the inn, he would listen attentively, for he appeared impatiently to await the arrival of the three persons of whom he had just received intelligence.

Chapter II.—*The Travellers.*

While the scene just described was passing at the White Falcon, the three persons whose arrival Morok, the beast-tamer, so anxiously expected, were peaceably advancing through smiling meadows, bordered on one side by a pleasant stream, which set in motion a mill, and on the other by the high road leading to the village of Mockeron, situated about a league's distance, on the summit of a high hill.

The sky was beautifully serene; and the noise of the waters, as they gurgled and foamed around the mill-wheel, alone disturbed the serenity of the evening. Bushy willows, drooping over the stream, reflected their clear green shadows on its surface; while, further on, the splendid blue of the heavens and the glowing tints of the west were so vividly pourtrayed on its bosom, that, but for the hills that separated them, the gold and azure reflected from the beautiful stream would have blended easily with the rich and dazzling beauties of the heavens above it. The tall reeds and flags bent their graceful plumes to the gentle breeze that so often refreshes the earth at the close of day; for the sun was slowly disappearing behind masses of purple clouds, beautifully edged with gold, while the clear, still air of the evening resounded with the tinkling bells of distant flocks.

Two young maidens, for they were but just turned fifteen, were seated on a middle-sized white horse, which took its way along a footpath worn in the grass. Their figures were slender and delicate, and they sat with ease on a large pack-saddle. A tall sun-burnt-visaged man, wearing long white moustaches, led the horse by the bridle, and turned round from time to time towards the young maidens with an air at once paternal and respectful. He leant on a long staff. Still strong and robust, a soldier's knapsack rested on his shoulders, and his dusty shoes and slackened pace clearly announced that he had been long on the road.

A vigorous Siberian dog, much resembling the wolf both in shape and size, closely followed the old man, keeping, to use a common phrase, close to his master's heels.

Nothing could be more lovely than the group formed by the two maidens. One of them held the flowing reins with her left hand, while her right arm encircled the waist of her sleeping sister, whose head reposed on her shoulder. A graceful undulation was given to their flexible persons by every step of the animal that carried them, and made their little feet, resting on a rude wooden stirrup, swing gently to and fro. Doubtless from some maternal caprice, these twin sisters were named Rose and Blanche; and the mourning dress they wore, already faded, announced them to be orphans. So exact was their likeness, both in features and size, that to tell the one from the other must have required you to be in the constant habit of seeing them. The portrait of her who was awake may, therefore, answer for both. The only difference at that moment was, that Rose was on the watch, and on that day discharged the duties of the eldest—duties thus divided at the suggestion of their guide, who, being an old soldier of the empire, and a martinet in discipline, had thought proper to make command and subordination alternate equally between the orphan sisters.

Greuse himself would have been inspired with these two pretty faces! encircled by close caps of black velvet, from whence a profusion of light chesnut hair escaping, floated over their necks and shoulders, and surrounded their round firm cheeks, tinted like the rose, and soft as silk. No carnation, wet with dew, could show a brighter carmine, or greater freshness, than their blooming lips. The violet's blue was dull when compared with the limpid azure of their sparkling eyes, expressing all the sweetness of their dispositions as well as the innocence of their age. A pure white brow, a small nose, and a merry dimpled chin, completed in their lovely faces an entire whole full of candour and the most amiable goodness.

You ought to have seen them, too, when, on the approach of a storm, the old soldier wrapped them in a pelisse of rein-deer skin, and drew the ample hood over their little heads. Nothing could be more lovely to look on than these two blooming, smiling faces sheltered under this dark cowl. The evening, however, being serene and beautiful, the heavy cloak fell over their knees, and its hood was tossed over on the back of the saddle.

Rose, still holding her sister by the waist, looked on her with an expression almost maternal; for this was Rose's day to be the elder, and an elder sister is almost a mother.

The orphan sisters not only idolized each other, but by a psychological phenomenon, not uncommon to twins, they were almost always simultaneously affected. The emotion one felt was reflected instantly in the face of the other. So completely did their hearts beat in unison, that they blushed and trembled from the same cause; and bitter griefs, or ingenuous joys, all between them, was mutually felt and instantly shared by both. In infancy, attacked by a cruel malady, they languished like two lovely flowers on the same stalk; but they had resumed together, also, their pure and freshened colour. Certainly, the mysterious and indissoluble tie uniting the twins could not have been broken, without inflicting a fatal blow on these poor children. Just in the selfsame way as the charming pairs of birds which are called "the inseparables," can only exist together—parted, they languish, mourn, and die!

The guide to the orphans, a man about fifty, with a military gait, presented the immortal type of a soldier of the republic and the empire—those heroic youths of the lower class who became in one campaign the first soldiers in the world—to prove to the world what the lower class is worth, as well as what it can and will effect, when those whom it really elects place in it their confidence and their hope. This soldier had been a cavalry-grenadier of the Imperial Guard, and was surnamed Dagobert. His serious countenance was of a decided and grave character; his long, thick, grey moustaches completely covered his lower lip, and met a large imperial that nearly covered his chin. His ruddy cheeks were thin, shrivelled like parchment, and carefully shaved; thick eyebrows, still nearly black, almost hid his clear blue eyes; large gold ear-rings descended to his military stock; a leather girdle fastened his grey greatcoat round his loins; and a blue police bonnet, with a red tassel falling on his left shoulder, covered his bald head.

Dagobert, formerly a Hercules in strength, still possessed a lion's heart. Kind and patient, because he was courageous and strong, he displayed, notwithstanding his stern look, the greatest care and affection for the orphans, and that to a degree almost maternal—yes, maternal, for a mother's and a soldier's heart are equal in the heroism of affectionate love. Stoically calm, restraining every emotion, Dagobert's coolness never failed him; and consequently, though no one was less disposed to be funny than him, he often became highly comic in consequence of the imperturbable gravity with which he did everything.

From time to time, as he walked along, Dagobert turned round to say a kind word or two, or give a friendly pat to the good white horse, whose gaunt frame and long teeth bore witness to a venerable age. Two scars, one on the side, and the other on the breast, proved that the horse had assisted in many hot battles; nor was it without an appearance of pride that the animal would sometimes shake his old military bridle, still bearing on its brass stud the figure of an eagle. His pace was regular, steady, and firm; his coat sleek, and his bulk middling. The plentiful foam which covered his bit bore witness to the health which horses acquire by the continual but moderate toil of a long journey slowly performed. Though he had been six months on the road, this gallant animal bore his load as lightly as when the two orphans had first started, together with the portmanteau, which was fastened behind them.

We noticed the unusual length of the horse's teeth—a certain sign of old age—because he showed them very often to do justice to his name, which was Jovial, and because he sometimes used them in a practical joke he used to play off upon the dog. The latter was called, no doubt by way of contrast, Surly; and as he never for a moment left his master's heels, he was always within Jovial's reach, who from time to time, would lay hold of the skin of his back, and lifting him from the ground, carried him some distance. The dog, protected by his thick shaggy coat, and no doubt long accustomed to the jokes of his fellow-traveller, submitted to this treatment with the most stoical complacency; only, when he thought it had lasted long enough, turning round, and giving a growl. A word was enough for Jovial, who would immediately set him down. At other times, doubtless by way of variety, Jovial would lightly bite the knapsack of the old soldier, who seemed quite as much accustomed to his merry pranks as the dog. These details show the good understanding that existed between the twins, the old soldier, his dog, and the horse.

The travellers hastened on, anxious to reach before night the village of Mockeron, now visible at the summit of the hill.

Dagobert looked round about him from time to time, as if recalling former recollections, and slowly, but perceptibly, a cloud came over his countenance. When within a short distance of the mill, the noise of which had drawn his attention, he stopped and passed several times his long moustaches between his thumb and his forefinger—the only sign which ever revealed in him a strong and concentrated emotion.

Jovial having come to a sudden halt in the rear of his master, Blanche, starting from her sleep, suddenly looked up. Her first glance was to her sister, on whom she bestowed her sweetest smile; then both exchanged a look of surprise when they perceived Dagobert standing motionless, his hands joined and resting on his long staff, a prey to some painful though repressed emotion. The party were at the moment close to a rising bank, the top of which was hid by the thick foliage of an oak, planted half-way up its side.

Rose, observing that Dagobert continued pensively musing, leant over the saddle, and resting her little white hand on his shoulder, who stood with his back to her, said to him, in a gentle voice, "What is the matter Dagobert?" The veteran turned round, and to the astonishment of the sisters, a tear rolled down his furrowed cheek, and was lost in his thick moustache. "You are in tears," cried they, both deeply affected; "pray tell us what is the matter?"

After a moment's hesitation, the soldier placed his rough hand over his eyes, and pointing to the aged oak that stood near, said to the orphans, in a tone of emotion, "I shall make you sad, my children; yet, what I am going to say is almost sacred. Well, eighteen years ago, the eve of the battle of Leipsic, I carried your father to that tree. He had received two sabre wounds on the head, and a shot in the shoulder. Here he and I, who had two lance wounds for my share, were made prisoners; and by whom? By a regenade—a Frenchman—an emigrant marquis in the Russian service, who afterwards—— Well! one of these days you will know all." Then, after a pause, pointing with his stick to the village of Mockeron, the old veteran added, "Yes, yes; I know it well; there are the heights where your brave father, who commanded us and the Poles belonging to the Guard, routed the Russian Cuirassiers after taking a battery. Ah, my children!" the soldier added, with a charming simplicity, "I wish you had seen your brave father at the head of our cavalry brigade of grenadiers, hurry to the charge in the midst of a shower of hand grenades! —There never was a finer man!"

While Dagobert was explaining himself in this style, the two sisters, gliding down from the horse by a spontaneous movement, went and knelt

by the old oak tree. There, leaning on each other, they wept; while the old soldier, behind them, crossing his hands on his staff, bowed his venerable bald head to the earth.

"Come, come," said the veteran, after a few minutes' pause, observing the tears rolling down the cheeks of the sisters, who were still kneeling, "you must not let it make you sad. Perhaps we shall find the General Simon at Paris. I will explain all that," he added, "when we get to our resting-place for the night; for I have waited purposely until to-day to tell you several things about your father. It was a whim of mine, because this day is like an anniversary."

"We weep, because we are thinking of our mother too," said Rose. "Whom we shall only see again in heaven," added Blanche.

The old soldier gently raised the orphans, took them by the hands, and looking at them by turns, with an expression of the tenderest attachment, rendered still more striking by its contrast with his stern features, said, "You must not weep, my children. It is, no doubt, true, your mother was the best of women. When she lived in Poland she was called the *Pearl of Warsaw!*—they ought to have called her the *Pearl of the World!*—for in the whole world her equal was not to be found. No, no!" Dagobert's voice faltered—he was silent for a moment, and passed his finger and thumb over his moustaches. "Listen, my children," he resumed, overcoming his emotion, "your mother gave you the best advice, did she not?" "Yes, Dagobert." "Well, what did she advise you to do before she died? Was it not to think of her very often, but not to allow it to make you grieve?" "True," said Blanche; "she said that God, who was kind to poor mothers who leave children behind them, would allow her to hear us from heaven." "And that she would always be watching us," added Rose. And the two sisters, by a spontaneous movement, full of affecting grace, joined hands, and looking to heaven, said, with the delightful confidence of their age, "Is it not so, mother?—you see us—you hear us?" "Since your mother sees and hears you," said Dagobert, "do not grieve her by being sad. She forbade your doing so." "You are right, Dagobert, we will not grieve any more." And the sisters dried their eyes.

Dagobert, in a religious sense, was a real heathen. In Spain, he had cut to pieces, with savage delight, the monks of all orders and colours, who, grasping the cross in one hand and the poniard in the other, fought, not for liberty—the Inquisition had fettered that for ages—but their monstrous privileges. Yet Dagobert had for the last forty years assisted at spectacles of terrible grandeur; he had so many times been so near to death, that the instinct of natural religion, common to all single and honest hearts, had always predominated in his mind. Though he did not, therefore, share the consoling illusion of the two sisters, he considered it a crime to attempt to destroy it. Finding they were less sad, he now resumed—

"That's right, my children; I had rather hear you talk as you did this morning and yesterday—ever and anon laughing in your sleeves, and not answering me when I spoke to you, so much were you engaged with your own prattle. Yes, yes, my young ladies! you seem to have had business of great importance these two days—so much the better, if it amuses you."

The sisters blushed with a smile that contrasted with their tears; and Rose said to the old soldier, "Oh, I assure you, Dagobert, we spoke of various things."

"Well, well, I don't want to know. Come rest yourselves a little while, and then we'll be off, for it grows late, and I want to be at Mockeron to-night, that we may start early to-morrow." "Have we still far to go?" inquired Rose.

"To reach Paris? Yes, a hundred stages. We do not go fast, yet we get on, and travel cheaply; for our purse is scanty. A little closet for you; some straw and a blanket for me at your door, with Surly at my feet; a litter of fresh straw for old Jovial, and you have our travelling expenses. I don't mention food, for you two put together don't eat more than a mouse; and I have learnt in Egypt and Spain to be hungry when it is convenient."

"But you do not say that it is necessary for us to be more saving; you insist upon doing everything for us yourself, and will never allow us to assist you. Yes, good Dagobert, to think that you should wash almost every night at our halting-place! as if it were not us who———"

"You!" cried the veteran, interrupting Blanche. "Do you think I'd allow you to get your pretty little hands chapped in soapsuds? Besides, does not a soldier in campaign always wash his own linen? Oh! I was the best washerwoman in our squadron; and I can iron, too, and no boasting!"

"Indeed, you do iron very well; only you sometimes scorch," said Rose, smiling.

"True, when the iron is too hot. Ah, it is all in vain to bring it near my cheek—I don't feel the heat readily enough," said Dagobert, with his usual gravity.

"You do not see that we are jesting, good Dagobert."

"Then, if you do find me a good washerwoman, all I ask of you is, to continue your custom. It comes cheaper; and we ought to save all we can, to get to Paris, Once there, our papers and the medal you have will do the rest—at least, I hope so."

"That medal we look upon as sacred, for it was our mother's dying gift."

"Take care you do not lose it. Satisfy yourselves, from time to time, that you have it in your possession."

"Here it is," said Blanche, as she drew from her bosom a little bronze medal, which hung round her neck by a chain of the same metal. It bore on its two sides the following inscriptions:—

Victim of L. C. D. I. Pray for me. Paris, The 13th February, 1682.	At Paris, Francis Street, No. 3. In a century and a half You will be The 13th February, 1832. Pray for me.

"What does it mean, Dagobert?" said Blanche, gazing on the melancholy inscriptions. "Our mother could not tell us."

"We will talk it over to-night," replied Dagobert. "It's getting late. Let us start. Take care of the medal; and now, forward. We have yet an hour's walk. Come, my poor children, one more look at the hillock where your father fell, and then mount your horse."

The sisters looked piously at the spot which had aroused the sad recollections of their guide; and, with his assistance, remounted Jovial.

This venerable animal had made no attempt to go away; but, like a veteran of tried prudence, had turned the short halt to good account, by levying a large portion of the green and tender grass from the foreign land, whilst Surly, stretched all his length, his nose nestling between his long legs, looked enviously on.

Dagobert, sounding the ground with his long staff, led the horse cautiously by the bridle; and the ground becoming more marshy at every step, he was obliged to turn to the left to reach the high road.

On arriving at Mockeron, Dagobert inquired for the humblest inn. He was told there was but one—the White Falcon.

"Let us go to the White Falcon, then," replied the soldier.

Chapter III.—*The Arrival.*

Morok, the beast-tamer, had already impatiently opened the shutter of the casement of the loft three times, to observe the arrival of the sisters and the soldier in the yard of the White Falcon inn. Not seeing them, he resumed his walk, with his arms folded on his breast, his eyes fixed on the ground, musing upon the plan he had conceived. His thoughts seemed to take a painful turn, for his countenance became more overcast than usual.

Notwithstanding his ferocious appearance, this man was not deficient in intellect. The intrepidity which he displayed among his animals, which, by an ingenious quackery, he attributed to his state of grace—his style of oratory, mystic and solemn—together with an austere hypocrisy, had given him a sort of influence over the people whom he visited in his peregrinations.

No doubt, long before his conversion, Morok had become familiar with the habits of wild beasts. Born in the north of Siberia, he was, at an early age, *amongst the boldest hunters of the bear and reindeer. Quitting this vocation, in 1810, to serve as a guide to a Russian engineer then exploring* the Polar regions, he went with him to St. Petersburg. There, after some changes of fortune, Morok was employed among the Imperial couriers; those iron automatons, who, at the slightest caprice of a despot, are darted on a slight sledge into the immensity of the empire, extending from the Persian frontier to the Frozen Sea. These men, travelling night and day, with the rapidity of the race-course, are delayed by neither seasons nor obstacles, fatigues nor dangers. Human projectiles, they must reach their destination within the time prescribed, or be dashed to pieces. The vigour and audacity of men accustomed to such a mode of life may, therefore, be conceived. It is useless to relate what singular circumstances induced Morok to forsake this hard calling for another profession, and to enter a religious house at Fribourg as a catechumen, where, after being well and duly converted, he began his nomade excursions with a menagerie, the origin of which was unknown.

* * * * * *

Morok was still pacing the loft. It was now night. The three persons whose arrival he so anxiously awaited did not appear. His pace became more energetic and impatient. Suddenly he stopped, bent towards the window, and listened. His ear was as acute as that of a savage. "Here they are!" he shouted, his yellow eyes glistening with diabolical joy. He had heard the steps of a man and a horse. Opening the shutter cautiously, he saw the sisters on horseback, and the old man who led them enter the yard.

The night was quite dark and cloudy. A high wind made the lights flicker in the lanterns as the new guests were received. The description Morok had heard from Karl was so exact, that he could not be mistaken. Secure of his prey, he closed the window.

After reflecting a quarter of an hour, no doubt to arrange his projects, he leant over the trap-door, and called out, "Goliah!"

"Master!" replied a hoarse voice.

"Come here!"

"Here I am. I come from the butcher's with the meat."

(To be continued.)

A Hint to Old Bachelors.—"The mortality of bachelors, from the ages of 30 to 45, is 27 per cent. Of married men, of the same ages, 18 per cent. For 41 bachelors, who attain the age of 40, there are 78 married men. The difference is more striking as age advances. At the age of 60 there are but 22 bachelors alive for 48 married men; at 70 years, 11 bachelors for 27 married men; and at 80 years, for 3 bachelors there are 9 married men."—Dr. Caspar, *of Berlin.*

JULIA TREMAINE; OR, A FATHER'S WISH AND A HUSBAND'S DUTY.

(Continued from our last.)

CHAPTER XV.

"The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve."—SHAKSPEARE.

Tremaine's dejection, the next day, was apparent; he deferred going to Paris until the last moment, and several times Julia was on the point of begging to send an excuse to Lady Buccleugh, so evident appeared her husband's reluctance to leave home.

But the seeming selfishness of the desire prevented her, and she saw him depart with an indefinable feeling of melancholy, which she supposed originated in Tremaine's anxiety at leaving her.

He returned early, and to her satisfaction in better spirits; he did not mention either Lady Ashton or her daughter, and, although she wished to earn something of them, she had not courage to ask about them.

The following morning he left her immediately after breakfast, as he said, for an airing; and Julia waited long and apprehensively his return. Winter was far advanced, and the day dark and stormy, and it was concluded he must have paid a call—and yet he visited only Lady Buccleugh—when the last dinner bell rang without his return, and she felt convinced that if he were in her grace's house, her ladyship, who was all consideration, would have despatched a servant to have relieved her anxiety.

As watching the quickly-receding hours, for the first time something like the truth flashed across Julia's mind, and the belief presented itself that Lady Maria Priam was the magnet that attracted Tremaine from home; or why, she asked herself, should he be so averse to an interview taking place between her ladyship and his wife? Why, since Maria's arrival, have secluded her (his wife) almost from observation?

Julia wept long and bitterly as each incident impressed the unwelcome truth more forcibly on her senses, and, with all her gentleness, she could not but condemn Lady Maria for giving encouragement to a married man.

It was late when Tremaine returned to Villa Blanche, and he blamed Julia for waiting for him, in a tone of asperity.

The tears rushed to her eyes, and she felt her heart too full for utterance. Tremaine had before neglected, but he had always returned to her with, at least, the show of affection. It was the first time he had spoken unkindly, however he might have acted.

After several ineffectual attempts, she recovered sufficiently to say—

"Had I been assured of your safety, Harcourt, I might, perhaps, have retired to rest with composure. When you left in the morning, it was with the understanding of your returning shortly; many hours have passed since then, in uncertainty on my part, for I believed that nothing but inability would have prevented you from writing to me, had a cause existed for detaining you."

Tremaine felt the reproof more keenly then Julia intended him to feel it; and, taking her hand, entreated her to forgive his remissness, to call it by no harsher appellation, and declared that nothing should again tempt him to cause her unnecessary uneasiness.

But Tremaine's promises were uncertain. Day after day was now passed by Julia in loneliness and regret; she saw him once each day—for he breakfasted with her—but he seldom returned home till after prolonged absence, and she had sought her lonely couch, there to weep and pray for the return of lost repose; for, since the reproof from her husband for sitting up for him, she had not subjected herself to a second.

Her grief this time was considerably augmented, by the departure of Lady Buccleugh and Miss Dornton for St. Omer, to attend Lord Buccleugh, whom a serious illness prevented from visiting Paris.

Lady Buccleugh offered to leave Augusta with Julia during her absence; but Julia most strenuously refused, knowing the state of Augusta's heart, much as she wished and needed the society of a friend—while, as she bade her friends farewell the evening before they quitted Paris, her melancholy was so great, that Tremaine, who had arrived rather earlier than was his custom, passed some comments.

"Any one would suppose," he said, "Julia, that you had parted from your nearest and dearest relatives, and for ever, so deeply are you affected."

"I prize them as inestimable friends," Julia mildly returned; "and to me, at present, they are nearest friends—for many miles intervene between me and all to whom I am dear."

She heaved a sigh as she spoke—yet wishing not to betray the womanish weakness which her reason contemned, and, pouring out the tea, reminded Tremaine, who was vigorously stirring the fire, that she waited for him.

As she gave him the cup, he regarded her attentively for a moment, and then exclaimed—

"I wish, Julia, we were comfortably settled at Lough Abbey; I should imagine the alterations were by this time completed."

Julia's heart responded to the wish; and, raising her eyes to his face, she answered—

"What prevents our going there, Harcourt, if it *is* your desire? The abbey must long ere this have been ready for our reception, and what delight it would be to my dear uncle to welcome us to its venerable walls! Would we were going to-morrow!

"How? Impossible, Julia!"

"Why impossible, Harcourt?"

"You are not, my love, in a situation to travel, and the season is inclement. No, I fear, according to our first intention, we must winter here; for I should never be forgiven were I to drag you through frost and snow, although it were to place you in the arms of your parents."

"Oh! I could bear any privation for such happiness! Why did I ever leave them?"

"Why, indeed, Julia, if the task was so very trying!"—and Tremaine's countenance lowered.

With a woman's quickness, Julia considered her husband's remark an allusion to an union that he might regret, and felt her heart beat violently; and, after slight hesitation, thinking, through inadvertence, she had chilled his feelings, answered—

"How inconsiderate was my request; it would, indeed, be impossible for us to travel in such weather! Hark, how the storm rages! I am grateful you are at home," she continued, shuddering, "for I should, indeed, be wretched had you to face this storm!"

"I suppose, Julia, you attach the same interest to my fate that you would to the fate of a stranger," returned Tremaine, who had not yet recovered his serenity; "for, so amiable is your nature, that if your enemy were exposed to this inclement night, he would not have to complain in your rejoicing at his discomfiture."

The tear, unbidden, again rushed to Julia's eyes; and "You are really unkind, Harcourt!" burst, involuntarily, from her trembling lips—"to class my feelings for you with what they could be for a stranger!"

Tremaine, conscious that he had spoken unkindly, and in a manner her uncomplaining nature did not deserve, clasped her in his arms, and kissing away the truant tear, which stole down her cheek, asked for forgiveness.

"How easy to forgive where we love!" felt Julia, as, encircled in the arms of her husband, and almost a stranger to his embrace, she forgot his unkindness, his neglect, and remembered only that she loved him.

Tremaine did not leave home the next day, and an observer would have found it difficult to decide whether husband or wife derived most satisfaction from the arrangement. In the evening, however, Tremaine received a note; and Julia discovered that whatever were the contents of the epistle there was considerable alteration in her husband's manner—for, from being cheerful and contented, Tremaine became gloomy and dissatisfied, and, writing a letter, declaring himself unequal to finish the game of chess they were playing, soon retired to rest, saying he was attacked with a sudden head-ache.

The morning was clear and frosty after a tempestuous night; and Tremaine, recommending a short walk to Julia, was assisting her with her cloak, when a servant entered, to say that Lady Ashton had sent a message which the domestic was ordered to deliver to Lord Tremaine only.

"A message!" returned Tremaine, thrown off his guard. "What can be her ladyship's motive in not writing! Say," he continued haughtily, "I am engaged, and cannot see any one."

The servant left the room, and Julia, who had approached the window, roused Tremaine from the reverie into which he had fallen, by admiring the loveliness of the scenery before her. The sun shone resplendently, and dispersed with rapidity the hoar frost which enveloped the trees. She was the child of nature, and so calm, so delightful, did everything appear, after a night of storm and ravage, that her spontaneous effusion was rather a prayer of gratitude to the Omnipotent, than the cold heartless remark of admiration.

Tremaine was at her side as she ended her soliloquy, and, drawing her arm through his own, smilingly told her she was an enthusiast, and then led her through the grounds.

The country lies high around Villa Blanche, and Tremaine, deeming a change would be agreeable to Julia, prevailed on her to extend her walk beyond the grounds. They had rambled some distance, Tremaine totally forgetful that a message awaited his return, and Julia too happy in his presence to remind him, lest she should be deprived of him, when a gentleman on horseback overtook them, and speaking to Tremaine familiarly, and regarding Julia with looks of admiration, nodded rather than bowed to her, and, smiling significantly, pursued his ride without waiting to be introduced to the lady.

Julia inquired the name of the horseman; at the same time saying, she "rejoiced that he did not wait for an introduction, for his look was so very full, that had I not been under your protection, Harcourt, I should have considered it bordering on disrespect!"

Tremaine started at her observations. "Treat you with disrespect!" he returned, fiercely turning his eyes in the direction the horseman had taken; "he dared not!" After a pause, rather softened, he continued, "I think—I hope, my dearest Julia, that your delicacy was unnecessarily alarmed, for did I imagine the being existed who could regard you with unhallowed eyes, his fate were not enviable."

Julia, alarmed at having excited the pride, that she could not term jealousy, of Tremaine, endeavoured to banish her husband's fears, and most willingly assented to his belief that she had been deceived, and exerted all the charms of conversation to chase the occurrence from his mind.

It was with reluctance that Julia, after a long walk, was compelled to confess that she felt fatigued; for many weeks had elapsed since she had enjoyed such unalloyed pleasure, or had been so long gratified with the presence of Tremaine, or received attention or kindness from him; and, like a miser, she was loath to part with her treasure.

Arrived at home, Julia suffered a little from indisposition that she deemed the effects of the walk; and forbearing to notice her illness, Tremaine was declaring his determination of devoting the remainder of the day to her, when a *lacquey-de-place* entered to remind *Milor*, that Lady Ashton's servant still waited his pleasure.

Evidently disconcerted, Tremaine ordered the waiting servant to be sent to the ante-room, where there should be an interview.

Tremaine was only a few minutes absent from the drawing-room, where he had left Julia. His countenance expressed disappointment and chagrin when he returned; and, approaching his wife, and taking her hand with hesitation, told her that he had most unfortunately engaged himself to dine with Lady Ashton the day before; that he had sent his excuses to her last evening, but her ladyship, bent on seeing him, had refused to receive his excuses.

Julia, who was free from every particle of selfishness, without hesitation desired her husband not to consider her; and, if it was his own and the wish of Lady Ashton, to pay the promised visit; while she herself would derive satisfaction from knowing he was happy.

Tremaine sighed, and repeating the word *happy*, emphatically, said, he felt he was only *happy* when with his wife.

Julia was on the point of saying, "If such is indeed your feeling, why not crown your and my peace by discarding your weakness."

But the time, she thought, had not yet arrived; and she felt that her husband did not sufficiently understand her character, for her to take the title of monitress. Therefore, without attending to his remark, she said—

"You will, no doubt, return early, Harcourt; I will sit up for you; and, every moment after the prescribed time, rest assured my wishes will only keep pace with my anxiety."

Tremaine assured her his wishes would equal her own until he again beheld her, and retired to dress, in the full conviction of rejoining her in a few hours.

And, while he is thus employed, we will take a review of Lady Priam's conduct the last few months.

When Tremaine parted from her in Bruton-street, he considered the parting a final one, and, although in pity to Maria's feelings, he regretted the separation, he congratulated himself it had occurred before he might have cause to repent the connection.

He was surprised at the little appearance of sorrow displayed by Maria, and was induced to suppose it originated in a virtuous desire on her part to behold him no more: little thinking that she hailed the prospect of his going to France with delight, as, by following him, she should be freed from the molestations of his relations, and able to pursue her infamous designs to her satisfaction.

She prepared for her departure a month after Lord and Lady Tremaine arrived in Paris. When she passed them in the pony phaeton, on her road to Versailles, she almost dreaded she had remained away too long, and determined to lose no time in renewing her attacks.

Fortune favoured her, by placing her near Lady Bucclengh, at the Duke de Boulin's; to whom she spoke so highly in praise of Julia, whom her ladyship both loved and admired, that Lady Bucclengh felt inclined to abandon the unfavourable opinion she had formed of Maria (spite of her beauty and accomplishments), and to fancy she might have been deceived. Lady Bucclengh, therefore, shewed Maria more attention than she had ever done, and concluded by inviting her and her mother to dinner next day, to meet Tremaine and Julia.

Again Lady Maria's plans succeeded beyond her most sanguine expectations; and so powerfully had she pleaded her cause with Tremaine, by imputing to illness her visit to France, that, before the expiration of the evening, he was as deeply involved in her arts as ever.

Day after day she devised plans to draw him from Julia, and succeeded too fatally in impressing on Tremaine's mind the strength of her own regard for him, by yielding to him all that is considered most desirable in woman.

This sacrifice, as he thought, certainly had power to keep him from Julia, as much even as Lady Maria could have imagined; for he felt, when in his wife's presence, the reprobation of his conduct in full force, and dreaded lest his conduct should become known to his father, whose justly-excited indignation might be the means of separating Julia from her husband; for Tremaine feared that Julia's affections were not sufficiently *his* to resist Lord De Moreton's representations.

Whenever Tremaine joined Julia, some pretext was invariably found by Lady Maria to tear the husband from the wife; and, on this last occasion, an indisposition, from which Maria suffered whenever she chose, had been expedient to draw Tremaine from Villa Blanche.

On entering Lady Ashton's drawing-room, Tremaine enquired for Maria, and learnt she was confined by indisposition to her boudoir; and, as was his custom, repaired thither with evident reluctance.

Maria reclined on a chair-lounge, and, bursting into tears on beholding him, complained bitterly of his unwillingness to come to her. She reproached him for not returning the love she bore him, and declared that his cruelty, together with her dishonour, were more than she could bear.

Tremaine endeavoured to calm her agitation; but could only draw comparisons between the conduct of Julia and Lady Maria. For Julia, at his return, let his absence have been ever so long, received him with the glow of pleasure, and the smile of delight; while Maria, if he left her only for a few short hours, hailed his return with tears and reproaches.

Maria, having recovered her smiles, her health improved rapidly; for she had forced a reluctant consent from Tremaine not to leave Paris that night, as she had planned an excursion for the next day, of which she intended him to partake.

Before he sat down to dinner, he despatched a note to Julia, informing her of his regret and inability to see her, as he had anticipated; and Maria had the satisfaction of knowing, that, while Julia was regretting the disappointment of her hopes, another was triumphing over her by detaining him.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Oh, heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect! that one error
Fills him with faults."—SHAKSPEARE.

Julia arose early, in expectation of Tremaine's return, and prepared everything she thought likely to tempt him after his morning ride. His letter had expressed his determination of breakfasting with her; and, although she was low-spirited and unwell, she endeavoured to divest her mind of care, in the pleasure of the anticipation of seeing her husband.

She had stationed herself at the window to watch his coming; but impatience had drawn her several times to the breakfast-table to ascertain that all might be as wished, and had began to despair of seeing him that day, when a horseman was observed by her in the distance. She doubted not for a moment but it was her husband—and, ringing the bell with unusual violence, directed a gate to be opened.

Julia had hastened into the hall to expedite the servant in his commission; and, when she returned to the window, the horse and rider were hidden from her sight.

She stood as long as impatience would permit, when again, unconsciously, ringing the bell, Bryan appeared with a letter, which Julia snatched from the maid's hand, and observed the writing of Tremaine.

The truth now struck her—she had mistaken the bearer of the letter for the writer. The disappointment almost subdued her highly wrought expectations into insensibility; but recollecting that probably something unforeseen had occurred to detain Tremaine, she broke the seal, and perused the following lines:—

"My Dearest Julia,—Again am I, from dire necessity, prevented from hastening to you; and, I fear, several days may elapse before I shall see you. I leave Paris for a short time; but every post shall convey to you intelligence of me, and I shall most anxiously expect your answers. Let your health, for my sake, be your peculiar care; and, with best wishes for your happiness, believe me, my dearest Julia, your truly affectionate

"Tremaine."

As Julia concluded the letter, the bitter feelings of wounded affection burst from her bosom in heartfelt sighs.

Had Tremaine, she asked herself, really quitted Paris for any length of time, without seeking an interview to bid her farewell? And what had drawn him hence? She moistened the paper which contained his adieu with her tears, and sighed—but sighed in vain; for one remained absent.

To leave her at such a time, far—far from all who were interested in her recovery—without one friend to cheer her through the hour of trial which she felt was just approaching! "But complaint is unavailing," she exclaimed, "and, although I had hoped to have him here, I submissively bow to the decree of Providence, who best judges what is right, and what is wrong."

The following morning, Julia—the cherished child of a doting, affectionate mother, whose anxiety would have amounted to distraction had she been aware of the situation of a child surrounded by none but dependants, and with only one assistant belonging to her own country, gave birth to a son. No rejoicings crowned the infant's entrance into being; for none belonging to the babe, save a suffering mother, was conscious of its existence.

When the babe was brought to Julia, the newborn and rapturous sensations of a parent took possession of her bosom; and imprinting a kiss of affection on its innocent lips, and enfolding it in her arms, she returned thanks to the wise Disposer of all earthly joys for granting her such a rich blessing.

For some days, owing to the anxiety she had undergone, Julia remained in imminent danger. She had heard only once from Tremaine, and Bryan, owing to her lady's inability, had written to him, stating the recent birth; but Bryan's letter remaining unanswered, it was concluded he was hastening home.

One morning, the affectionate Bryan presented herself at Julia's bedside, her face beaming with smiles, and asked if her ladyship was equal to an interview with a friend, as a person waited impatiently in the dressing-room to be summoned.

Julia, who had but one person in her mind, half raising herself, answered —"Equal to see him! dear Byran,—what a question! Oh, do not, pray, keep me in suspense, but send him to me immediately!"

"You mistake, your ladyship," returned Bryan, dashing away a tear, "it is not my lord who waits to see you—but—"

"Not Tremaine!—not my husband!" Julia, interrupting, returned. "Oh, Bryan! how could you deceive me with that smiling countenance?" And, covering her face with the bed-clothes, she murmured—"I cannot indeed see any other person—do not press, for I am unable."

She heard a light step as she concluded, and, raising her head, beheld Augusta Dornton standing near the bed.

Julia extended her arms—and "Oh! forgive my ingratitude—my unkindness!" burst from her trembling lips.

"Say no more, my dear Julia," cried Augusta, embracing her, "but show me your child—I am already prepared to love it."

The delighted Bryan placed the babe in Augusta's arms, and, as she caressed and praised the beauty of the infant, the gratified mother recovered her composure.

Augusta refrained from naming Tremaine, fearing to wound the suscep-

tible feelings of her friend, as she had heard from Bryan of her master's neglect; and had wondered almost as much as condemned, when thinking of the numberless virtues and graces of Julia.

The anxiety of Julia's mind rendered her recovery tardy. True, she was now blessed with the society and attention of a beloved and valued friend; and she sometimes deemed herself ungrateful for not deriving happiness from kind attentions; but one desire was ever uppermost in her heart,—the desire that every mother feels,—the pride and joy of presenting her child to its father.

The tenth day of her confinement, she had fallen into a tranquil slumber, and, on awaking, undrew the curtains, thinking to meet the watchful gaze of Augusta—but, who can describe her feelings, on beholding the pale and disordered countenance of Tremaine. She uttered an exclamation of joy—joy too excessive for her present weakness, and sank fainting on the pillow.

When she recovered, her head rested on his bosom, and he was chafing her temples; and the happiness of that moment repaid her for all her sufferings.

But what became of the self-condemned Tremaine, when he heard his neglected wife hail him as the restorer of her peace,—heard her, in answer to his repeated calls for pardon, declare that, if she ought to forgive, the present moment completely counterbalanced the offence!

He could only press her hand to his heart—to his lips; and, as he bedewed it with the genuine tears of repentance, endeavoured to assure himself that his folly had passed away for ever!

It was a happy period for Julia—the remainder of her continuance to her chamber—for Tremaine considered himself too happy in attending to her wants. He doted on the infant—repeatedly declaring it was the miniature resemblance of his Julia.

Her health being sufficiently re-established to take the air, Julia determined, in consideration for Tremaine, not to seclude herself more than the avocations of a nurse required. She looked forward to a return to England with delight—though her mother's letters, much as she desired to see her child, pressed not a return until spring was farther advanced.

Lord Buccleugh had returned with his mother and Miss Dornton to Paris, and much of the time of the amiable trio was passed at Villa Blanche. His lordship still ardently admired Julia, and the stolen glances he sometimes directed towards her when she was occupied with her child, caused no very pleasurable sensations in the breast of Tremaine, when he observed those glances. Julia's convalescence again led Tremaine into society; and Maria, whose entreaties for an interview had been resolutely refused, saw herself on the eve of accomplishing her wishes.

Julia had been introduced to her by the unsuspecting Lady Buccleugh; and, as she beheld the beauty and admired the talents with which Maria was so eminently gifted, her heart half excused Tremaine for his neglect of herself. For the unaffected Julia, although she had only to be seen to be admired, could not, for a moment imagine that her own charms could be noticed in the presence of charms she considered so superior.

Yet a triumph, however, awaited Julia. She observed with pain the attention shown by Tremaine to Lady Maria, who would not allow him for a moment to leave her side; and, though his eye often wandered in search of his wife, she had always an excuse ready to detain him.

She had proposed music—having heard from Tremaine that, since the days of childhood, he had not listened to Julia's "wood notes wild." She concluded, therefore, that Julia possessed not the charm of a fine voice, or he would not have remained so long in ignorance of such an accomplishment in his wife.

Her malignity had been excited more than usual from the general observation Julia had attracted. So general, indeed, had that observation been, as much from the novelty of a new face as from its loveliness, that Maria found herself completely thrown in the shade.

Observing Julia's chair was surrounded by all the elegant and fashionable beaux of Paris, she selected a few connoisseurs in music, and, repairing to the music-room, seated herself at a harp, and having swept the strings, commenced singing an Italian air with great science and spirit.

Julia, who was a lover of the concord of sweet sounds, soon as the tones of music reached her ear, declared her wish to Augusta, who stood near, to hasten to the music-room. Augusta readily consented, and, escorted by the beaux, they entered the *salon de musique*.

Tremaine hung enraptured over the back of a chair opposite to Maria, as she exerted her really fine voice to the utmost; and, when she had finished, every voice was loud in her praise; while, as she retired from the instrument, beholding Julia, who had stood near her, she entreated, with a curtsey, that Lady Tremaine would take her seat at the harp. Julia was nigh declining to sing, when Augusta's entreaties induced a compliance.

She glanced at Tremaine as she seated herself, and his look of disapprobation almost annihilated her. Maria was leaning on his arm, and triumph shone in her eyes, as the following words, uttered in an audible whisper, met Julia's ear:—

"Why, my dear Tremaine, annoy yourself? if she will expose herself, you must submit to hear her laughed at!"

Tremaine's dark eye flashed with rage; and, shaking Maria from his arm, he hurried from the room.

Augusta, who had likewise heard the malignant speech of Maria—fearing Julia's irresolution would be noticed—pressed her to commence; and Julia, feeling that she was called on to disappoint her enemy, after a slight prelude, began one of Rossini's most beautiful airs.

Her voice was one of sweetest melody, and her melancholy had given increased pathos to it. While she continued singing, every noise was hushed, so enwrapt were all in admiration; and some seconds elapsed, after she had ceased, before the listeners broke the dead silence that prevailed.

But when their admiration did burst forth, it was mingled with much evident delight; and the gratified Julia arose, covered with the modest blush of sensibility.

Lord Buccleugh had advanced to lead her from the instrument; but Tremaine, whom Julia's voice had attracted to her side before she had sung three notes, took her willing hand, and, drawing it under his arm, withdrew with her to some distance.

"How could you, Julia, keep me so long in ignorance that you possessed so superlative an attraction! every day some new charm unfolds itself; but the charm of song indeed delights me!"

"And yet, Harcourt, as a child, I have often heard you say, that I had a voice of much promise; but listen—Augusta sings, and you have before derived pleasure from her sweet strains."

"Yes, Augusta sings sweetly; but I hear her music with indifference—for only you, my Julia, can ever again delight—all other voices will, henceforth, appear anything but pleasurable."

"Say not so, Harcourt—lest I regret that you are acquainted with what your affection may construe into too great a charm; for be assured," she continued, smiling, "that all you have before heard with delight, remains as admirable as ever."

Maria, who had observed Tremaine's surprise and pleasure during Julia's performance, had continued to watch them, after he had led his wife away, and now placed herself near them, and, uttering a piercing scream, fainted.

This manœuvre acted as a talisman in quickly bringing Tremaine to her side, for, dropping the hand of Julia which he held at the time, he rushed to Maria's assistance, and, with the aid of restoratives, assisted in her recovery.

She instantly expressed a wish to be taken into the air; and, looking pleadingly at Tremaine, he offered his arm, and they left the room, amid the jeers of many, and the remarks of all; for France, although a country that allows great freedom to married females, is perhaps the most severe land in its scrutiny of unmarried females while under the protection of parents or guardians.

We might therefore conclude that Lady Maria, whose intrigue with Tremaine she took no pains to conceal, would meet from all a just condemnation; and that by her arts she had sacrificed all pretensions to an honourable lover. This, however, was not exactly the case; her extreme beauty, with manners of a most seductive cast, induced several to pretend to her favour. Among these was an Italian, whom she really encouraged *from motives of regard—intending, when she had enriched herself with the spoils gathered from Tremaine, to give her Italian suitor a right over* herself and her spoils.

The jealous Italian was not always satisfied with her behaviour towards Tremaine, although she had sufficient address to conceal from him the truth, by assuring him that none but himself possessed her affections and received her favours.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny."
SHAKSPEARE.

After Tremaine had left Julia so abruptly, she continued absorbed in reflection, until aroused by Augusta Dornton, who, taking her arm, led her towards the saloon. Julia's eye wandered everywhere in search of the object of her affections; but Tremaine had departed; and, after waiting a considerable time, and her enjoyment for the evening having ceased, she ordered her carriage, thinking, probably, that her husband had returned home without her.

Her first enquiry, on arriving at Villa Blanche, was for him; and, with disappointment she heard he had not yet returned. Hastening to the nursery, where her child was enjoying the sweet sleep of innocence, she pressed its rosy lips, and, as her swelling heart revived, fell on her knees before the throne of mercy—fervently praying for fortitude and judgment to guide her along the path marked out for her weary pilgrimage.

It was long after Julia sought repose that it came to her relief. At every noise, however trifling, she startled, thinking the truant had returned; but she saw him not till long after the sun had deserted the south, the following day.

Tremaine was greatly perturbed when he entered the saloon where Julia sat with the infant on her knee—and, enfolding wife and child in a warm embrace, she thought she perceived a tear fall upon the tiny hand of her child as he stooped to caress it, evidently with the intention of concealing emotion.

Julia felt her own eyes suffuse on beholding the tear, for she feared he again intended to absent himself, and had come to Villa Blanche merely with the view of bidding her adieu.

She was, therefore, most agreeably surprised when he told her he meant to pass the day with her, and, ringing the bell as he spoke, gave orders to be denied to every one.

How assiduous were Tremaine's attentions this day to the happy Julia; and how did the deluded hope again cheer her with the view of happier prospects!

In the morning as Tremaine returned from Paris, he was accosted by the Count de Rossie, the nobleman whose looks Julia, on a former occasion, thought bordering on freedom.

(To be continued.)

TO OUR READERS.

☞ THE WANDERING JEW.—*In the present Number will be found the commencement of this much-talked-of Tale, for which the proprietors of one of the most esteemed Parisian periodicals,* Le Constitutionnel, *have paid the author the enormous sum of* 100,000 *francs* (£4,000 *sterling*) *for the privilege of publishing it in their columns.* EUGENE SUE *is the most popular of French novelists, and the tale will be continued every week until complete.*

We respectfully announce to our Friends and the Public that having reprinted several Numbers, we are now enabled to issue a few more VOLUMES, *price* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The first twenty Numbers of Vol. I. have been reprinted, except Nos. 15, 16, *and* 17; *these, with Nos.* 22, 34, *and* 35, *are still out of print, but one of each, in rotation, will be reprinted weekly.*

The extreme cheapness of the FAMILY HERALD *compels us to charge double price for all reprints, and even at that increased price it is the cheapest miscellany extant. Although losers by each reprint, it is very gratifying to us to know that the patronage we receive exceeds our anticipations.*

All the numbers not enumerated above still remain at ONE PENNY. *No.* 53 *is the First of the present Volume; and as it is not our intention to reprint any of the Second Volume, we particularly recommend new Subscribers to complete their sets promptly, to prevent disappointment.*

Vol. I., besides many practical recipes and much valuable information and amusement, contains several highly interesting and instructive Tales; among others will be found, The Anabaptist; Arwed Gillenstern; Strife and Peace; *and particularly,* Woman an Enigma; *each of which is worth the money charged for the whole Volume.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. W.—*We hope our correspondent is sufficiently aware of the bulk and ponderosity of the works of the fathers, when he signifies his desire and intention to procure a folio copy of each. The following sentence from Chateaubriand's* Génie du Christianisme, *may furnish some idea of the extent of the purchase which our correspondent contemplates. Speaking of the Benedictine monks, to whom the world is so deeply indebted for their almost miraculous literary labours, the author says* "Leur entreprise littéraire la plus effrayante (car l'on peut parler ainsi) c'est l'édition complète des Pères de l'Eglise. S'il est si difficile de faire imprimer un seul volume correctement dans sa propre langue, qu'on juge de ce que c'est qu'une revision entière des Pères Grecs et Latins, qui forment plus de cent cinquante volumes in-folio." i. e. "*Their literary enterprise, the most frightful (for we may justly so call it), is the complete edition of the fathers of the Church. If it is so difficult a task to edite a single volume correctly in one's own language, judge what must be the labour of an entire revision of the Greek and Latin fathers, which form more than* 150 *folio volumes.*" *This is the edition par excellence of the fathers. Whether this edition be procurable, entire or not, we cannot say; but single copies of the works of each of the fathers, especially of the most notable, such as Augustine, Origen, Tertullian, Eusebius, Jerome, &c., can be purchased in London, at the Theological Booksellers. Our publisher will execute any order of the kind with professional zeal and alacrity.*

W. S. *is evidently a zealous Roman Catholic, and, like most of his brethren, exceedingly sensitive. Sensitiveness shows zeal, and zeal is good in a good cause and guided by discretion. We have no doubt that* W. S. *is conscientious; but so are his opponents. But he should remember that this is a Protestant country, where Providence has ordained a mode of worship different from the Italian, no doubt for wise ends, to be seen hereafter. As for the relics of the dead, we merely mentioned the fact of the Roman Church doing homage to them. We did not even take the trouble of reproaching it for so doing. On the contrary, we exhibited Old Mortality, the Scotch Covenanter, on the grave stones, apparently absorbed by a similar reverential feeling, which is universally prevalent in humanity, religious and irreligious, though the new or modern sects, by an affectation of superiority, show their respect for the dead in a different manner from that which prevailed in the olden times. We agree with* W. S., *that it is chiefly to philosophers and materialists that we owe the new cemeteries—without churches. They will soon be as offensive as churchyards.*

AGNES.—*Ought a young woman of* 23 *to believe the vows and promises of a young man of* 19? *The question of age we will not enter upon, for age has two meanings—the nominal and the real. Some are as young at* 30, *as others at* 20. *But vows and promises of individuals can never be absolutely depended upon, otherwise there would be no use for the law to bind parties together—their word, their promise of constancy, would be enough. The heart of man and woman (for woman is a man) is deceitful above all things. The universal man will always love the universal woman; but the individual man or woman is a changeling, who must be fixed and rivetted to a promise by a marriage bond. "The bond—the bond," let all young ladies look to the bond.*

BYRON.—*Falconry is a subject upon which we are not* au fait. *It is rather an antique amusement. There are plenty of books on field sports.* Daniels' *for instance, a reverend clergyman of the Church Established. But the live Duke of St. Albans will be a much better teacher than a paper book, if Byron can only insinuate himself into the grace of His Grace.*

E. W.—*Honesty is always the best policy.*

JUSTUS.—*The passion for dress and display in the ladies produces many evils when not controlled by prudence; but to it we owe many domestic comforts. One thing, however, may always be said of the ladies, that they study elegant appearances more than their appetites for eating and drinking. It is unfortunate for a parent when his children exceed the bounds of prudence in personal decoration, as they too frequently do when they have it in their power. But it seems as if we must all have our vices—male and female. The guilt of vice is measured by its consequences. A clever man may check a gay and spirited wife. But who can check a slut?*

"A Constant Reader."—*We don't see the use of writing against dreams, unless for amusement. As for the philosophy of dreams, it is a dream itself. The dreams are quite as good as the philosophy. We do not like to see an over critical pedantic philosopher curling up his lip when a young lady tells him of a dream that she had. He has no soul in him if he gives her a lecture on the philosophy of dreams—pity the man's wisdom! These philosophers would destroy all the poetry of life if they could; but nature is too strong for them. Let them do their best, as the magistrate said to Waddington the bill-sticker.*

JUNIUS.—*We know nothing about the Princess Olive, except that she took in old gentlemen with money, and let them out minus.* JUNIUS *should apply to some of her dupes.*

DICK *complains of tender feet. 'Tis an awful torture—the boot and shoe torture. We long for a substitute for the skin of the beast. But we seem to be doomed to wear it. Goat-skin boots or shoes will give great relief for a season to those who walk painfully in calf. They are now very common in London, and are quite as cheap as calf. They are a great luxury in dry weather. The Queen's daughters succeed to the throne should the sons die.*

BEVILAQUA.—*A drunken father or mother is the greatest domestic curse that can befal a young family. We cannot understand the feelings of a man who can expose himself by drunkenness to the contempt of his own children. He ought rather to die of a drunkard's thirst.*

A. E. H.—*Is one of the drollest pieces of poetry we have ever received; we give a specimen of the rhyming portion of it. Some of it is blank verse, and some of it not verse at all. The subject is "Charity." There is one good feature in it—the writer comes direct to the point, and makes you understand his meaning:—*

> A small contribution of two-pence per head
> Upon the population, would raise a sufficient sum
> To protect the living and bury the dead,
> Educate their children, and take care of the dumb,
> Who are allow'd about the streets to stroll,
> Without money, and under no controul.

PERSEVERANDO.—*Afore is an obsolete word; the use of it has nothing to do with grammar. Afore-mentioned is not a classical word; beforementioned is not in the dictionaries.*

BRAMLEY, *perhaps, has reason, but he must have patience too, and bide his time, like political parties when they're out.*

J. G.—Norrie's Epitome of Navigation, 12*s.*; *or the Treatise, published by Knight, for the Society of Useful Knowledge,* 6*d.*

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ENDEAVOUR.—*We believe Miss Kelly gives instructions in the histrionic art.*
W.—*It will be suspended should anything improper appear in it.*
SELRAHCHARAS.—*May be answered privately, but not publicly.*
J. F.—*We are unable to answer, unless they are indicated.*
R. de B.—*The* HERALD *may be had of at least a dozen booksellers in Glasgow.*
CLARA ATKINS.—*See preceding Volume by consulting the Index.*
J. C.—*All Monthly Parts are charged* SIXPENCE, *and are worth double.*
J. S. B.; CELER; *respectfully declined.*
JUVENIS, Biggleswade.—*Your bookseller has been deceived by his agent.*
JOCO.—*The question is better suited for a music-seller than a bookseller.*

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FAMILY HERALD.

SECRESY; OR, PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE AND THE RIGHTS OF INDIVIDUALS.

"*Whether Olalia's charms his tribute claim,*
Her eye of diamond, and her locks of jet,
Or whether, kindling at the deeds of GRAEME,
He sing to wild Morisco measure set,
Old Albin's red claymore, green Erin's bayonet."
SCOTT'S *Vision of Don Roderick.*

The "deeds of Graeme"—*i. e.*, the opening of private post-letters by the Secretary of State for the Home Department—have started a very interesting question, which has a much broader meaning than that which the politicians have given to it. And, perhaps, if we were to compare the domestic conduct of those who publicly condemn the act of Sir James Graham with their professional respect for the inviolability of private correspondence, we should find a singular contrast between the public profession and the private habits. It is so far from being uncommon in England for heads of families—secretaries of the home department—to break the seals of letters addressed to their wives or their children, that we have frequently heard the practice justified by men who regarded themselves as so very perfect, that they did not require to look after their own faults, but merely to condemn the faults of others. There are numerous plausible arguments for this breach of etiquette in domestic life. Their wives may be carrying on an intrigue even before their eyes; an unlawful assignation may be made even at their own breakfast-table; their daughters may be engaged in clandestine correspondence with some scapegrace who has been forbidden to visit the family. Their sons may be plotting mischief against their parents' pockets, against the Government, the Emperor of China, or the man in the moon, and it is the duty of a prudent father to see that no such follies be practised under his domestic government. He, therefore, considers himself entitled, nay bound in honour, as a dutiful home sovereign, to break at times the seal of secresy, and peep into the mouse-hole. And then what does he see? Only his own cap and bells, that's all. If there were no intrigues before, they then begin. The governor is sure to be cheated at last, whenever he makes such an offensive exhibition of his jealousy; and both wife and daughters combine to wrap him up in a halo of mystery so long as he lives.

The nation is merely a large family, and what is true of the one is generally true, in a larger or smaller sense, of the other. We are all the children of the Government or the State. The Law is our father, the Church is our mother; that is, the national Church is our political mother, because it is subject to the State; but the universal Church is not subject to any civil power, except to "Young Israel," when it appears. As children of these two parents, therefore, we bear the same relationship to the law as the members of a family bear to the head of the house; and the State has a right, *i. e.*, a legal right, so long as it has the power of the law, to treat us as it pleases. Some states exercise this right in greater excess than others. The eastern states are invariably more jealous and regardless of individual rights than the western; and the sovereign powers of Russia, Poland, Austria, Italy, France, and Spain have practised the inquisitorial system under one form or another to such an extent, as frequently to remove almost all the vestiges of human liberty. It is in perfect harmony with the principle of Russian government at the present day to open private letters; and we have no doubt that the Emperor considers himself entitled to do so whensoever he imagines the welfare of the State demands it. It was practised to an infamous extent, at one time, under the government of Augustus the Third of Poland; so much so, as even almost to dissipate our regret for the extinction of Polish nationality. The Spanish inquisition practised a most hideous form of this sin against individual rights; or, rather, it practised all the possible forms in which the crime can be committed. It committed burglary, to obtain possession of private papers; it broke open doors, picked locks, employed spies, disclosed the secrets of the confessional, and perpetrated other Catholic abominations, in order to subdue the individual nature and prevent its development. It became ultra-Catholic. It made a vice of Catholicism, and attempted to effect a unity of humanity, by forbidding the growth of individual variety. All the Catholic countries have, more or less, pursued this compulsory system of preserving the peace and preventing the decomposition of their society. In so doing they act in character, as holding a defective principle of Catholicity. Their principles, combined with their social position, demanded this severity. It is merely the outgrowth of the social germ which has been planted amongst them. Protestantism, which is the assertion of the rights of the individual, demands another system; and, therefore, in the ultra-Protestant nations another system has uniformly prevailed. Now, however, that Catholicism is reviving in the Church, Sir James Graham, by a singular fatality, without being either a Roman Catholic or a Puseyite, has fallen into a Roman Catholic corruption, and resorted to an exploded system of Catholic inquisition to preserve the peace. It is all in unison with other back movements; and though not absolutely in itself a good, it is relatively useful, like all these movements, in directing the attention of men to an important question.

We are not disposed to let the opponents of Sir James have it all their own way in the assertion of their claims to honourable and gentlemanly feelings. Both parties, perhaps, do violence to truth and justice—Sir James in violating the rights of individuals by physical or tyrannical means, and his opponents in violating the rights of the universal in the unqualified abnegation of the right to interfere. The one is an ultra-unitary principle, which is apt to be abused by a man of arbitrary disposition; but then such a man is responsible to the public under a popular system of press criticism like ours. The other is an ultra-divisive system, which, no doubt, respects individuals, but facilitates plots and conspiracies against the peace of society, and makes Government itself instrumental in endangering its own stability. Abstractedly considered, neither side of the question is correct; and all present Governments must either hold the middle course of combining the two, or lean to tyranny on one side, and unlimited licence on the other. In this country, license of this description can seldom ever be dangerous, even carried to excess; but it is easy to imagine the danger of adopting such a system of liberty in Italy, Russia, or Austria in times of popular excitement. Nay, even in our own country, were any popular insurrection threatened, we have little doubt that Parliament would willingly concede to the ministry the discretionary power of breaking private seals, and seizing private papers, as well as persons. It forms a necessary and indispensable portion of the system of defence adopted in all ages by civilised nations. It is invariably resorted to in times of war. An enemy's letters are always intercepted, when possible, and the seals are broken without any compunctions of conscience. Hence originated the system of private cyphering, which, during the French revolution, was so extensively employed, even in domestic correspondence, that many men lived and rose to fortune solely by the talent they displayed for decyphering and unriddling these mystic handwritings. Wellington himself has committed this breach against the rights of individuals, and he would again employ this legitimate weapon of offence or defence. It is the war or the enmity that legitimises the act, for war includes treachery, and treachery cannot always be met successfully without the employment of its own weapons. And what is a private conspirator but an enemy? Suppose, in the case of Thistlewood's conspiracy, it had been made known to the Home Office that a band of desperadoes intended to murder the ministers, seize the person of the sovereign, and proclaim a republic. It would be the duty of the Home Secretary immediately to investigate the matter. Amongst other modes of investigation, he would probably give orders to detain and peruse all letters at the Post-office addressed to Thistlewood. The law, as it now stands, entitles him to do so; and in such an extreme case the whole nation would unanimously justify the act. But suppose the law did not permit him to use this liberty; suppose the letters of Thistlewood were sacred even in spite of the suspicion; suppose that even here the law of England were practically enforced, which regards a man as innocent until he be proved guilty, then, we ask, how is he to be proved guilty, for no man can be condemned even by legal proof without previous violence done to his person or feelings in some mode or other? Though the law does not condemn without legal proof, it must seize without it. It seizes upon suspicion, it seizes upon accusation; and, in seizing the person, it maintains the right of seizing all that belongs to the person, or which can in any mode or other contribute to the proof of guilt.

A pure negative, that is an unqualified negative, can never be put upon the right of governments to seize correspondence; but as the act is a violation of the rights of individuals, it ought never to be done, unless there be good reason or good evidence for believing that the individual has forfeited his rights by the commission of an act of treachery. This alone can justify the violence. Moreover, the wanton use or abuse of this power is incompatible with the character of a free country. It is only in very extreme cases indeed that it ought to be employed. Every man, conscious of innocence, ought also to feel conscious of security and secresy in his private correspondence. Guilt is fearful by nature, and deservedly so; but whensoever innocence begins to tremble, the principles of everlasting justice have been violated. We know nothing at all about the case of Mazzini, or Sir James's reasons for unsealing his letters; but we sincerely hope, for the honour of our common country, either that Sir James may be justified in his conduct, or that such prudent restrictions may be put upon the exercise of this inherent and inalienable right of government as may henceforth preserve the character of the nation, both at home and abroad. If what Mr. Duncombe does affirm be true, that the letters of foreign ambassadors

and consuls have been opened, there has been a heinous offence committed against the laws of international honour; but we do not believe it. This used to be done by the King of Poland, but our circumstances are not so desperate; we are not so weak in our political relationships as Poland was, and can, therefore, afford to defend ourselves with boldness—without resorting to any sneaking modes of detecting conspiracies, which we have no occasion to fear. If Sir James has done such an act, he is mad. We should seek no better evidence of insanity. But it is not true; and the evident falsehood of this part of the accusation throws not a little suspicion on the worst features of the rest.

Governments, like politicians, always blame their opponents, and justify themselves. No party ever thinks of making confession of its sins, or making a voyage of discovery in the ocean of its own faults. This is one of the most immoral and disgusting aspects of party spirit—it is its characteristic vice. Religious parties and political parties are alike depraved in this respect. The one pretends to serve God, the other the people, by abusing its opponents. Governments, also, as opposed to individuals, are always finding fault, and justifying their own sins by the transgressions of others. They are always compelled to do this and that, because of the violence of individuals and parties! Hence, a Government never takes blame to itself for any action. However base that action be, it is always with it an act of necessity. But then individuals reason in the same way—insurgents are always driven to insurrection, traitors to treason, and they all find a justification of themselves in their own conscience, sufficient, at least, to enable them to eat, drink, and sleep comfortably, if the constables would only let them alone.

Now, if Governments would put an end to secret conspiracies, they must show the example. Their whole art is one of secret craft or diplomacy; the very meaning of which word, *diplomacy*, in its original Greek, is "duplicity," implying double-mindedness. The time will come when all international business will be transacted in the public press before the whole world; when there will be no secret communications whatsoever of any importance; when every man will, or may, know what Governments are proposing to one another, and when "that which is now whispered in the ear will be proclaimed on the house tops." Conspiracies will then cease. They cannot at present be subdued, for they are merely the offspring of the Governments themselves. Even the legislators, the M. P.'s, are ignorant of the correspondence which takes place with ministers and foreign powers, and are ever and anon demanding its production on the table of the House. Much artificial mystery is thrown around the art of Government. There is an evident jealousy of the people manifested and encouraged; and this jealousy on one hand begets its counterpart on the other. The reaction is natural, and will exist for ever; that is, as long as the provocation demands it. Government is but in its infancy. It sneaks and fears, and mystifies like a despot. It is afraid to shew itself openly. As a tyrant fears the dagger of the assassin when he comes into the street or the assemblage of the people, so governments tremble for their own existence, should they not succeed in concealing their numerous petty and secret manœuvres until they have secured the successful accomplishment of their plans by a long course of prevarication. They then burst forth and astonish the world by setting fire to the train which they have laid so cautiously. They are then pronounced by their adherents the very models of statesmen—accomplished, adroit, and successful statesmen; who contrived to conceal their intentions to the last, and accomplish their ends by an ingenious feint. There is something mean and contemptible in the whole art. It is not a profession for gentlemen; nor will gentlemen long pursue it as a profession. It will soon be found that even gentlemen are mistaken in their principles of honour, and that secresy of any description for political ends is an illegitimate course of procedure, only to be justified by the secresy of an opponent; and, in this case, merely the commission of one crime as a defence against another.

Governments are all criminals against the laws of absolute justice. The crimes of individuals are too frequently justified by the conduct of their own judges and liege lords. Neither the duty of the universal, nor that of the individual, is as yet clearly understood; the law for governments, and for individuals, is not yet defined. Principles of politics, morals, and good manners are not yet divulged. Different parties have different views of each; and there is nothing that society so much wants as a law-giver—a second Moses, or Confucius—an occidental Menū, to settle such disputes for ever by a superlative authority. As for individual debate it is endless. Eternity itself, under a system of discussion, would never bring us nearer to truth than we are.

THE DYING DAUGHTER TO HER MOTHER.

Grieve not, my dearest mother,
That life is waning fast;
Oh be resign'd, dear mother,
To see me breathe my last!
For tho' youth's flower is blighted,
No more on earth to bloom,
Tho' I to death am plighted,
Weep not my early doom.

Prepare, my dearest mother,
The moment hovers nigh,
When I, rejoicing ever,
Shall mount to realms on high;
Though now the contest waging,
Except it were for thee,
I'd hail the pangs of dying—
Blest pangs, they set me free!

Forgive, Oh Holy Father,
The tear in this dim eye!
Forgive, that for my mother,
I heave the parting sigh!
But thou—thou wilt not leave her
A prey to grief—despair—
Thou hast a Son,—Oh Father—
Consign her to His care!

Repine not, dearest mother,
That I am ta'en away;
For night, in this world ever
O'ercasts the brightest day:
But trust your guide, dear mother,
Thy light in darkness He;
Through Him, shall we together
Live in eternity.

ANNE MARIA D——.

FAMILY MATTERS.

Idleness is sweet to those who have earned it, but burdensome to those who get it for nothing.

When the leisure evening hour is employed by a family in reading the page of instruction, there grows up insensibly in the younger members a love of home—a sentiment incompatible with some of the worst vices, and favourable to all the virtues.

HONOUR AND HONESTY.—The difference there is betwixt honour and honesty seems to be chiefly the motive; the mere honest man does that from duty which the man of honour does for the sake of character.—SHENSTONE.

MODERN GOTHS AND VANDALS.—Some of the mischievous among the vulgar rich who are allowed to visit Virginia Water, in Windsor Park, have recently wantonly mutilated several of the valuable statues and architectural antiquities. The last disgraceful act of this kind was the throwing down a female figure, apparently intended for a Flora, by which the head was knocked off and the right arm broken in two places.

INTEMPERANCE.—The Duke of Nassau has lately issued the following order throughout his dominions:—"*Any dealer in spirituous liquors* who shall sell to the same individual, for the purpose of drinking on the premises, more than two glasses of spirits in one day, shall be fined 130 francs, and be deprived of his license. And any person found in a public thoroughfare in a state of intoxication shall either be fined or imprisoned, and his name published by sound of trumpet."

YOUTH AND AGE.—It is strange, and every hour we live the feeling grows, upon reflection, stronger still, that the great and certain change which time inevitably works on the human mind and constitution is, from its gradual and gentle course, imperceptible to the individual "worked upon," unless some great and sudden accession of disease falls upon him; the comparison between what he was at twenty-four and fifty-five, is never made by the subject himself; the only comparison he makes is between Monday last and Tuesday last, in which brief space no difference arises; and thus it is, that if blest with health—and if with health the animal spirits continue—a man from constant habitude, feeling no change in himself from day to day, goes on believing that others see no change in him; and it is rather to this natural imperceptibility of physical alteration than to senile childishness, or matured vanity, that we find men advanced in life presenting themselves to the favour of blooming girls, who were unborn at the period from which these respectable lovers date their perfection, and at which they set up their standard; and who, seeing nothing but what is placed before them, cannot comprehend how the corpulent Mr. Fussocks, or the lanky Mr. Lathman, can have the impertinence or temerity to enter the lists of love or flirtation at his time of life.

STRENGTH OF EASTERN FEMALES.—I saw a Bedouin woman running towards us, carrying something wrapped in her zail, or apron. She approached us, and to my astonishment, I perceived it to be a new-born child. She had, we found, been suddenly overtaken with the pains of labour, while working in the fields. Without any assistance, she had given birth to the infant; and, after having washed it in the Jordan, she was hastening home to present it to her husband. How would the mothers of what are called civilised cities have conducted themselves, if unexpectedly thrown into so perilous and frightful a situation! The singularity of this occurrence, induced me to ask the Bedouin female whom I have just described, some particulars respecting their mode of rearing their children. She told me that they washed their infants every day in cold water, and, for the first month, bound their arms across in front to prevent them from doing themselves mischief. Under their arms, and on all their joints, they put a sweet smelling earth called "akhmar," mingled with an herb called "as," dried and reduced to powder; a mixture which is supposed to fortify the skin against the baneful influence of the burning climate. They regularly dip them in the river every morning, during forty days. By this mode of treatment, they are able to walk before they are eight months old. —*Memoirs of a Babylonian Princess.*

Costly Bed.—The state bed in which the King of Saxony slept at Knole Park, the seat of Lord Amherst, cost £8,000, and the fittings of his sleeping room £20,000. It was made on the occasion of King James IV's visit to Knole, and is of silver, as are all the fittings of the rooms, even the dogs for the fire-place.

Substitute for Cream in Coffee.—Beat the white of an egg to a froth. Put to it a small lump of butter, and turn the coffee to it gradually, so that it may not curdle. It is difficult to distinguish the taste from fresh cream.

Caution.—Persons cannot be too careful in the use of what is called Jacob's water, for the destruction of flies. Being rank poison, it ought not to be placed where children can get at it.

To Clean Silks.—*(From one of the first Parisian dyers.)*—A quarter of a pound of soft soap, a tea-spoonful of brandy, a pint of gin: mix all well together, and strain through a cloth. With a sponge or flannel spread the mixture on each side of the silk without creasing it: wash it in two or three waters, and iron it on the wrong side; it will look as good as new.

Hoarseness.—One drachm of freshly scraped horseradish root, to be infused with four ounces of water, in a close vessel, for two hours, and made into a syrup, with double its quantity of vinegar, is an improved remedy for hoarseness; a teaspoonful has often proved effectual; a few teaspoonsful, it is said, have never been known to fail in removing hoarseness.

Effects of Camphor on Cut Flowers.—The stimulant effects of camphor upon vegetables are not only new, but astonishing in their nature. A piece of the woody stem of the tulip tree, with one flower and two leaves, taken out of a pot of water, containing several other flowers of the same plant, all, to appearance, in the same state, was placed in eight ounces of water, which had been stirred up for some time with one scruple of good camphor. In a little while an unusually lively appearance became remarkable in the flower in the camphor; while the others, though they had the benefit of a larger quantity of water, were sensibly drooping. The two leaves first elevated themselves considerably on their footstalks, the flower expanded more than in a natural state; the stamina orchives receded from the pistillum: and the three leaves of the calyx, or flower cup, were remarkably reflected back, and grew extremely rigid and elastic. The internal surface of the petals of the flower perspired considerably, though a similar perspiration could not be perceived in the flowers of the same plant, in the same room and temperature. The camphorated plant continued in a very invigorated state for two whole days, after which it began to droop; but the leaves drooped and decayed sooner than the flower. The other flowers and leaves of the tulip tree left in simple water did not live more than half as long as that in the water impregnated with camphor.—*The Gardener and the Practical Florist.*

Opening Letters.—Few persons are aware how letters are opened and resealed. Wafers are opened by the application of moisture, and sealed letters are opened thus:—The letter is laid on an anvil with the seal up; upon the seal is laid a square piece of pure lead; and upon this lead descends a hammer with considerable velocity. The sudden impact converts the lead into a seal as faithful as an electrotype, and accordingly is used to re-seal the letter which is now opened by destroying the wax bit by bit. For all letters similarly sealed, the lead seal will do.

The preceding is one method, but neither so clever, so certain, nor so likely to escape detection as the following, by which a score of spurious seals may be produced in a few moments:—The apparatus consists of a small cylindrical annular brass mould, about an inch in height, which opens and shuts like a bullet mould. After the wax seal has been oiled, to prevent the plaster adhering, this mould is placed over it, and plaster of Paris, mixed in the usual way, is poured into it. In about five minutes the plaster hardens (or sets, as it is technically called); and, having been exposed to heat, in about five minutes more it is fit for re-sealing the letter, which has been opened by the application of a hot iron.

The operation of opening is rendered more difficult by first closing the letter with a wafer, and stamping it with a common office stamp having cross lines, then sealing with wax.

The *Court Journal* contains the following anecdote:—The Princess —— had long entertained a desire to captivate the attentions of George IV., and at last succeeded in being closeted for several hours with his majesty one forenoon, on which occasion his majesty presented her with a very handsome bracelet. A few days afterwards, Lord Liverpool had an audience with the king, when he took a MS. out of his pocket, which he said was the copy of a dispatch the princess had sent to the court of St. Petersburg, on the evening after her *tête-a-tête* at Carlton House. This letter contained a most circumstantial account of the interview; and after having read it aloud, Lord Liverpool observed that he considered it his duty to do so, in order to impress upon his majesty the necessity of exercising *caution* in his conversations with *ladies*. The king made no reply, but looked as if he felt the full force of the ministerial reproof. The lady alluded to still occupies a conspicuous position in fashionable society.

Cried Jem to Bill, (a reprobate)—
"A time will come, or soon or late,
That thou, with fervent sorrow,
Wilt sore repent!" Replied the wight,
"Dear Jem! perhaps you may be right;
For I'm to wed to-morrow."

J. T. E.

WATERLOO BRIDGE.—By Charles Mackay.

Upon the solitary bridge the light
Shone dim—the wind swept howling on its way,
And tower and spire stood hidden in the grey
Half-darkness of the raw and rainy night;
When one, still young and fair, with eyes mad-bright,
Paced up and down, and with a look of woe,
Gazed on the waters gliding black below,
Or the dull houses, looming on her sight;
And said within herself, "Can I endure
Longer this weight of misery and scorn?
Ah, no! Love-blighted—sick at heart—and poor—
Deceived—undone—and utterly forlorn!
Why should I live? Forgive me, Lord!" she cried—
Sprang sudden to the brink—dash'd headlong down, and died.

Ainsworth's Magazine.

ON JEALOUSY AND INCONSTANCY.

Of all the baneful passions that afflict humanity surely jealousy is the most tormenting. View it how we may, the misery it causes is unmixed and intense. It has been said that "where there is no jealousy there can be no love." I should say, on the contrary, that where jealousy is, love cannot exist. There can be no pure affection without entire confidence, and we must suspect something wrong, and so confidence be shaken, before we can become jealous.

I have heard of persons being jealous without any cause; the thing is not impossible, certainly, although, in my opinion, rather unlikely. It is true that a distrustful, suspicious disposition will be more easily influenced towards jealousy than one that is more open, and that thinks no evil; but even the former must have some materials to work with, some foundation on which to raise a structure, however slight.

Jealousy is a passion to which both sexes are equally prone, but its effects are felt much more keenly by woman than by man; whether she be the victim *of* it, or *to* it.

To a woman who is unfortunately the wife of one given to jealousy or suspicion, I would say, let your actions be open as the day, let your words be truthful, and your looks honest. Do nothing that requires concealment; say nothing that will bear a double meaning. Give no cause to rouse the monster, and it may sleep for ever. But should you unhappily excite it, however inadvertently, do not be rash enough to attempt to battle with it. A man, while under its influence, is not himself—he sees double, like one *intoxicated; he is the slave of a diseased imagination*, and time alone can restore him.

You must now, however, be doubly cautious, or I should, perhaps, rather say, more open, more undisguised in your words and actions, for the appearance of caution will only serve to increase the disorder. Whatever circumstance caused the misunderstanding, take especial care it does not occur again, and time, which rights most that is wrong, may mitigate your unhappiness if it cannot entirely remove it.

Far more unfortunate is she who herself suffers the pangs of jealousy, inasmuch that, while the former will certainly derive much comfort in the possession of her own esteem, for the jealous wife there is no rest, no comfort whatever.

Even if her wrongs be imaginary, her affliction is not the less; and if they be real, her indignation will be apt to lead her to pursue a course that is far more likely to aggravate than to remedy the evil.

In the present state of society there are, I grieve to say, some wives who have too much cause for jealousy; and, in fact, a husband's inconstancy, instead of exciting the indignation it merits, is too often commented on with indifference, or treated as a good joke. No one seems to think of the trampled affection, the insulted feelings of the injured wife, and, to the shame of their sex, the women, instead of taking up the matter as their own cause, and punishing the guilty one, too often cast censure and reproach on her whom they ought to console.

All this, however, has become so common, that it were more folly to attempt to alter it; or I would remind those ladies who treat man's infidelities lightly, while they visit the sins of their own sex with scorn and contempt, that they themselves may, at some future time, stand in need of kindness and sympathy, and it is not from man they must look to obtain it.

In order to avoid the torments of jealousy, I would recommend to every woman, when she is married, to determine to see her husband in the most amiable point of view, and on no account to look after faults and failings. Above all things, let her avoid admitting the least gleam of a suspicion as to his constancy into her mind, for—

"Trifles light as air
Are, to the jealous, confirmation strong
As proof of holy writ."

Thus, a slight suspicion is soon magnified into absolute certainty, and her misery will be sealed.

Let her avoid even the appearance of wishing to pry into his affairs; for though I strongly advocate entire confidence between man and wife, yet some men, being furnished with a larger organ of *secretiveness* (as the phrenologists have it) than others, cannot endure that all their doings should be known, though they may have no rational reason for concealment.

Again, a man may be perfectly honest and faithful, but if he find himself suspected and watched, he may be led to commit actions which otherwise he would never have contemplated.

If, however, a husband's infidelities have been confirmed beyond a doubt, violence and reproaches will not reclaim him, but will rather tend to alienate him altogether; many a husband has been regained by gentle treatment. At all events it resolves itself into this, a woman must either make the best of her bargain, or she must separate; and the world is so uncharitable, that if she decide on the latter course, three persons out of four will condemn her for it.

Moreover, a woman should recollect that her husband is frequently placed in situations which expose him to temptation, from which, happily, she is free; besides, the custom of the world, bad though it be, gives greater liberty to men, whose conduct ought not, therefore, to be too closely scrutinized; not that I would for an instant sanction an act of inconstancy in the husband more than in the wife, for, morally speaking, it is equally culpable in one as in the other; the results, however, are very different.

Many a man has, in a moment of intoxication, been led to commit this breach of faith, who, in his sober thoughts, would shrink from such an act with abhorrence and detestation. This deviation may occur without producing the slightest diminution of love for his wife, and would, most likely, never happen again; but if he be met by anger and reproaches, rage and violence, the consequence will probably be, a repetition of the offence.

We know that a woman who once commits herself in a similar manner, is lost, and beyond forgiveness, and this proves the greater purity of the female character, which will bear no blemish; once sullied, nothing can remove the stain—once forfeited, nothing can redeem it.

How much are those to be pitied who, from motives of revenge, become criminal, and, although every virtuous mind must condemn, the charitable and kind-hearted will not fail to take into consideration the evil example of the husband, which caused the crime.

And now I would address a few words to husbands, if they will not deem me impertinent for so doing. You who have wives trusting and confiding in your love and good faith, see that you do nothing to forfeit their confidence. The affection of a wife is the same in adversity as in prosperity, in sickness as in health, in age as in youth, and she ought never to have the mortification of knowing that she shares your attentions with the most abandoned of the sex. Think what *your* feelings would be if *she* were to be unfaithful, and do not burthen one weaker than yourself with what you would be unable to bear.

You whose wives have a tendency towards jealousy, be very cautious in giving cause for suspicion, and do not think that because you are perfectly honest, that therefore you may tease and harass your wife by raising her suspicions in order to turn the laugh against her.

These cautions, however, are unnecessary, except to those who err from thoughtlessness; those who would wilfully wound the feelings of a fond wife, even in jest, will, I am aware, only ridicule the remonstrances of an old woman; they must, therefore, be left to the punishment of a guilty conscience, which, let them be assured, will sooner or later take ample vengeance, should they even escape the law of retaliation. Many husbands there are who, instead of honouring and cherishing the defenceless being relying on their protection, instead of preserving their love pure and unsullied for her alone, have lavished it on the most undeserving. And can such men have the conscience to expect love and faith from a wife thus wantonly outraged—thus irreparably injured? Let them beware they do not deceive themselves. Some men there are, no doubt, who, notwithstanding their ill conduct, are still loved truly and faithfully; but for this let them thank woman's purity and enduring affection—they have no right to expect it.

There are others who have had their infidelity returned, and still remain unconscious of their disgrace; and those who have made the unwelcome discovery, rant and storm, bewail their *injured honour*, and pour their utmost wrath on the offending wife, as if themselves had been immaculate, and as if they had not brought on all the mischief by their own misconduct.

It is really awful to reflect on the numerous instances of wretchedness at present existing in married life, caused by the infidelity of the husband, who, forgetting the sacred promise he made at the altar—to love, honour, and cherish his wife, and to keep only unto her for ever—has left her for others, and planted a thorn in her bosom to rankle there for ever.

Let me not be deemed harsh for having spoken thus plainly. Being a woman, I naturally feel a woman's wrongs; but I would avoid exciting angry feelings in the other sex, knowing as I do that the power is all in their hands, and that to irritate is not the way to amend them.

I believe that many persons of either sex consider it anything but a reproach to have raised a feeling of jealousy in those they love; and some strictly virtuous women will advance to the very verge of error, to excite that passion in the bosom of a husband.

Such a notion can only arise in the mind of persons who have not been accustomed to trace effects to their causes, or they would at once see that, by endeavouring to render a husband jealous, they raise in his mind suspicions of their love and truth, which all the exertions they may afterwards make may be insufficient to dissipate.

The gentlemen, too, seeing that, unfortunately, they have the credit, or the discredit I should, perhaps, more properly say, of being rather given to rove and to change, should be particularly careful to give no cause for the entertainment of the "green-eyed monster;" then will both parties, conscious of no evil, suspecting no wrong, enjoy that happiness which a well-assorted marriage alone can bestow.

Difficulties may harass, poverty may assail them, but those who are united by sincere affection have comfort and consolation in all difficulties, of which no trouble can deprive them—a rock whereon to lean that will never fail them.

AUNT PEGGY.

SONG OF THE PRESS.

From a cave in the heart of the earth I came,
And the Fire-kings bound me fast;
And they rode on their steeds of blood-red flame,
And my bosom they scorch'd by the blast—
But soon, like a giant, strong I grew,
And fled from the Fire-kings' den;
And the world rejoiced when my strength it knew,
And the Press was the pride of men.

CHORUS.

Hail to the Press! the mighty king,
'Mid his *sable* slaves he stands;
And his fame shall cling, like the winter's wing,
On the head of Alpine lands!

Let the hieroglyphic scrolls of yore
From the mummied shrines depart;
Let the sybils now lament no more
The rejected books of their art!
For the Press with his mystic wand can raise
The voices of seers long dead;
And bring in a car of rainbow-rays,
The mem'ry of greatness fled!
Hail to the Press, &c.

Hurrah for the song of Caxton old!
Hurrah for his *chapel's* lore!
Hurrah for his Typos, black and bold,
O'er which we love to pore!
Behold, now unconquer'd *steam* comes on!
And the brain can scarcely think,
When the wizard-spell breaks the phœnix-shell,
And the thought awakes in ink!
Hail to the Press, &c.

Behold, how the *Herald* spreads his *form*
To the Press's rolling might;
And the poet's lay from Lethe's storm
Comes bursting into light.
Let the mould'ring temples fall to dust,
And the mountains waste away;
But so long as time on his bell can chime,
The Press shall not decay.
Hail to the Press, &c.

Newcastle. J. R.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

The Smoke Nuisance Prevention Bill has been shelved for the present session.

RATS.—If they are troublesome, sprinkle unslacked lime in their holes and about where they congregate, and they will depart without fail. This is more simple than a trap.

TELEGRAPHS.—A new telegraphic system, invented by a Mr. Gonon, which is to convey a thousand words in an hour, is likely to be adopted by the French Government. Hitherto the telegraph has only forwarded three hundred words per day, during the most favourable weather.

NEW KIND OF SUGAR.—The Antwerp *Journal of Commerce* announces a new description of sugar, infinitely superior, as well from its richness as the reasonableness of its price, to any sugar known. This commodity is simply that which has been in use in India from time immemorial, but prepared and treated under the modern system of scientific improvement. The saccharine property is extracted by incision of the trunks of palm-trees, sago, and cocoa-nut trees, sometimes by an operation upon the blossoms, at others by a cut in the tree near the part from whence the foliage issues. A palm-tree thus dealt with yields, it seems, for the space of more than three months, about five pints a day. The liquid thickening bears the name of "jagre," and resembles raw wax, as well in point of colour as in consistency and smell.

BRONZE.—The Chinese bronze copper in a very superior manner. This is the mode of the ancients, for urns and other little vases and ornamented goods:—After having rubbed the articles with the ashes of coal and vinegar, in such a manner that the copper is very shining, they dry it in the sun, then they cover it entirely with the following composition: two mace of verdigris; two mace of mineral cinnabar; two mace of sal ammoniac; two mace of the beak and liver of duck; five mace of alum, well pounded, well mixed, and moistened sufficiently to make a paste, which may be spread. (The *mace* is the tenth part of a Chinese ounce.) When the article is thus prepared, it is passed through the fire, and washed when it is cold. It is covered a second time with this composition: it is then passed through the fire, and it is washed thus ten times. The small pieces thus bronzed are of great beauty, and lose nothing by being exposed to open air and rain.—*Capt. Pidding's Chinese "Olio."*

VARIETIES.

George the Second, on hearing that a brave foreign commander was supposed to be mad, said, "I wish he would come and bite some of my generals."

GAMING.—The Chinese, as a nation, are great gamblers; even the very poorest of them cannot resist temptation; and, in one of the principal streets of Ning-Po, it is quite amusing to see, after nightfall, the numerous stalls of oranges, sweetmeats, and other trifling curiosities, at each of which there is a wheel of fortune or dice of some kind, surrounded by the Chinese in great numbers, trying their luck with a few copper cash, and evincing by their looks and language the most intense interest in the stopping of the wheel or the throwing of the dice.

A CHECK FOR VALOUR.—A French nobleman, at the passage of the Rhine under Louis XIV., seeing a gentleman well known to him about to throw himself one of the foremost into the river, stopped him, clapping a pistol to his breast. Everybody was surprised, when the count was heard to say, "I can easily believe that you don't fear death. A fellow over head and ears in debt would be too happy to get himself decently drowned; pay me the 2,000 louis d'ors you owe me, and then venture as far as you please."

A YOUNG BARRISTER.—"When I was called to the bar," said Lord Eldon to his niece, "Bessy and I thought all our troubles were over; business was to pour in, and we were to be almost rich immediately. So I made a bargain with her, that during the following year all the money I should receive in the first eleven months should be mine, and whatever I should get in the twelfth month should be hers. What a stingy dog I must have been to make such a bargain! I would not have done so afterwards. But, however, so it was; *that* was our agreement; and how do you think it turned out? In the twelfth month I received half-a-guinea; eighteenpence went for fees, and Bessy got nine shillings; in the other eleven months I got not one shilling,"—*Life of* LORD ELDON.

MURDER DETECTED.—I have heard some very extraordinary cases of murder tried. I remember in one where I was counsel, for a long time the evidence did not appear to touch the prisoner at all, and he looked about him with the most perfect unconcern, seeming to think himself quite safe. At last, the surgeon was called, who stated deceased had been killed by a shot, a gunshot in the head, and he produced the matted hair and stuff cut from and taken out of the wound. It was all hardened with blood. A basin of warm water was brought into court, and, as the blood was gradually softened, a piece of printed paper appeared—the wadding of the gun, which proved to be half of a ballad. The other half had been found in the man's pocket when he was taken. He was hanged.—*Life of* LORD ELDON.

WAR STEAMERS.—That steam-ships will eventually supersede and render useless all classes of sailing-ships under the 3rd and 4th rates, I do not for a moment doubt; and that it will, as the perfection in its application improves, be applied as an auxiliary to the ship-of-the-line is more than probable; but it will be then only as the artillery horses are to the guns on shore—the moving power to place the ordnance in position; and then the nation that possesses the heaviest and most concentrated batteries will, with regard to the mere material for war, be the most fortunate and occupy the most advantageous position. With what comparative facility will we in future wars be able to protect our trade and extensive eastern possessions, which before, owing to the periodical monsoons and frequent calms, were open to attack at one point, while our squadrons were employed in a distant quarter!—*Correspondent of Naval and Military Gazette.*

LOVE OF TITLES IN AMERICA.—A well-known gentleman at Winchester, in this State (Virginia), related an amusing anecdote to me on this subject. Crossing the Potomac into Virginia, with his horse, in a ferry-boat, the ferryman said, "Major, I wish you would lead your horse a little forward," which he immediately did, observing to the man, "I am not a major, and you need not call me one." To this the ferryman replied, "Well, Kurnel, I ax your pardon, and I'll not call you so no more." Being arrived at the landing-place, he led his horse out of the boat, and said, "My good friend, I am a very plain man, I am neither a colonel nor a major, I have no title at all, and I don't like them. How much have I to pay you?" The ferryman looked at him and said, "You are the first white man I ever crossed this ferry that warn't jist nobody, and I swear I'll not charge you nothing."—FEATHERSTONHAUGH'S *Excursion.*

A SHARP REBUKE.—A nobleman, of whom it may be truly said, that his habits do honour to his station, his heart to his country and his kind. His rank is the highest to which an English subject can attain, and his fortune suited to his condition. He has a large family; the eldest, his son and heir, being attached to one of the regiments of Horse Guards. Rumours having reached him that the young soldier had fallen into the hands of the Israelites, he sent for him, and spake to the following intent:—"M ——, I hear you are borrowing money at twenty per cent. I have your brothers' and sisters' fortunes to invest, which I should be glad to put out at a fourth of that interest; you can have the whole at five per cent., and be at no expense in showing the security you propose, as I am satisfied as to your title to the estates on which the loan would be charged." I recommend this style of doing business to all whom it may concern: it is "short, sharp, and decisive," the way in which man's warfare should ever be carried on, whether with the *species* or the *specie*.—HYDE MARSTON.

THE SPORTSMAN'S DISTRESS.

I've lost my friend, my dog, my wife!
Saved only horse and purse;
Yet when I think on human life,
Thank Heav'n it is no worse.

My friend was sickly, poor, and old;
Was peevish, blind, and crippled;
My wife was ugly, and a scold;
And I rather think she tippled.

My dog was faithful, fond, and true;
In sporting gave me pleasure;
I should'nt care for t'other two,
If I had saved this treasure.

PUNCH'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

LETTER I.—*From a Lady, inquiring the Character of a Servant.*

MADAM,—Bridget Duster having applied to me for a place of maid-of-all-work, I beg to learn of you, as her last mistress, her fitness for the serious responsibilities of that situation. Having suffered so much from the impertinence and wickedness of servants (I have often thought they were only sent into this world to torment respectable people), you will, I am sure, forgive me if I appear somewhat particular in my inquiries. Experience, madam, has made me circumspect. There was a time when I thought all the world as good and honest as myself; but house-keeping wipes the bloom from the human heart, and makes us lock our tea-caddies.

I have kept house for five-and-twenty years, in which time I have constantly endeavoured to find a servant who should be without a fault; yet, though I have given eight pounds a year, with tea and sugar—would you believe it?—I have never once succeeded. However, I must say it, I like the face of Bridget; I never saw a deeper small-pox. As for handsome servants, I never have 'em; they always think more of their faces than their fireirons, and are puckering up their mouths at the looking-glass when they should be rubbing the door-plate. Curls, too, I never suffer to cross my threshold. I know more than one instance in which curls have destroyed the peace of a family. For my money, a servant can't be too plain; in a word, I think ugliness to be a sort of cheap livery intended by nature for maids-of-all-work—it keeps 'em in their proper place, and prevents 'em thinking of foolishness. So far, Bridget's looks are most satisfactory.

And now, ma'am, for the article of dress. Servants have never been servants since linsey-woolsey went out. It makes my flesh creep to see 'em flaunting about, for all the world as if they were born to silk gowns and open-work in their stockings. I *have* seen a housemaid go out for the day with a parasol! I prophesied her end, and—poor wretch!—so it came about. What I have suffered, too, from such presumption! I once had a creature who copied every new cap I had, violating my best feelings under my own roof! Bridget looks a humble dresser, fit for a kitchen; I trust she is so.

I hope, however, she is sober. When servants are very plain, they sometimes, to revenge themselves on nature, fly to drink. This is shocking; for with such people, with all one's locking and bolting, one's brandy is never safe.

In the next place, does Bridget break? Not but what I always make my servants pay for all they destroy; still, they can't pay for one's nerves. Again, there is this danger—they may break beyond their wages.

Is Bridget honest? Pray, madam, be particular on this point, for I have been much deceived. I once took a servant with the finest character for honesty; and, only a week afterwards, detected her giving three cold potatoes to a little hurdy-gurdy foreigner with white mice.

Is Bridget civil? Will she bear wholesome reproof? A servant who answers is my abomination. It is clearly flying in the face of the best interests of society. Surely, people who pay wages have a right to find what fault they please; it is the natural privilege that marks the mistress from the maid. I would have a severe law to punish a servant who answers—even if right.

Is Bridget an early riser, without any reference to the time she may be allowed to go to bed? A good maid-of-all-work should, so to speak, be like a needle, and always sleep with one eye open.

Has Bridget any followers? Such creatures I never allow. I conceive that a servant ought to be a sort of a nun, and, from the moment she enters your house, should take leave of all the world beside. Has she not her kitchen for willing hands always to do something in? And then for company, doesn't she see the butcher, the baker, the dustman—to say nothing of the sweeps?

Is Bridget industrious—is she clean? I hope, for the poor creature's sake, that you may be able to answer these few questions to my satisfaction, when Bridget may immediately bring her boxes. With me her duties will be few, but they must be punctually performed. Indeed, I require a servant to consider herself a sort of human kitchen-clock. She must have no temper, no sulks, no flesh-and-blood feelings, as I have heard impudent hussies call their airs and graces, but must go as regularly through her work as though she was made of steel springs and brass pullies. For such a person there is a happy home in the house of,—Your obedient servant,

"PAMELA SQUAW."

CABALISM; OR, THE MYSTICAL PROPERTIES OF LETTERS AND NUMBERS.

This is a subject which people laugh at who know nothing of it; but it may be laid down as a general rule, that what has commanded the attention of great men in all ages and in all nations must have some value or importance attached to it. The subject is a region of folly, notwithstanding, for the ignorant and the presumptuous, and probably it is for this reason that so much ridicule attends it. In ancient times, before this ridicule arose, the most eminent philosophers were not ashamed to profess their regard for certain numerical signs; and the Pythagoreans even went so far as to specify the particular character and sex of numbers. Thus, 1 was male, as being the parent of all; 2 was female, as, in conjunction with 1, the two great properties of numbers, unity and multiplicity, were produced; but 3 was the first perfect number, because, three multiplied by three was more than three added to three, which is not the case with two; for 2×2=4, and 2+2=4. Thus, unity or trinity both began the numeration series, according to the light in which they were viewed.

Numbers have also been peculiarly sanctified by revelation. The number 7 is a peculiarly sacred number. One natural reason for this is very obvious: it is the number that makes the circle or the type of perfection. Take seven sixpences, farthings, wafers, or circles of any sort, and place them all close together, one in the centre and six around, and they form a circle, and no other number than seven will do so. Each round sixpence then, becomes what the mathematicians call a chord of sixty; and 6 times 60 make the 360 degrees of the circle. Ten is another sacred number, sanctified in the human form by the ten fingers and toes, which are said, by some anatomists, to be discernible in all the large animals, and even to be traced in the hoof of a horse—five in each hoof. Hence the Beast or Therion of revelation, *i. e.*, the great political power of the world, of which the Roman empire was the largest representative, is said, in the highly poetical language of prophecy, to have ten horns. It has also seven heads.

The number 8 is curiously joined with 7. Musicians all understand how, for the seven notes make an octave, or series of eight. Therefore, also, the Therion's seven heads have an eighth head, which is of the seven. An octave is expressed thus—1,2,3,4,5,6,7,1.

The number 12 constitutes the chromatic scale of music, as 7 constitutes the diatonic scale. The chromatic scale is a scale of semitones, and there are twelve semitones in an octave; but the thirteenth must be counted with the twelve as the end of the monochord; consequently, twelve and thirteen are the same. Hence we find the twelve labours of Hercules, and a thirteenth labour; the twelve tribes of Israel, and a thirteenth tribe; the twelve apostles, and a thirteenth apostle; the twelve calendar months, and the thirteen lunar months.

When 3 is the first male number, 4 becomes the first female—(odd numbers being male and even numbers female), and 3 multiplied by 4 make 12, the sacred family number. Hence God is called the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, three fathers; and the twelve tribes descend of four mothers—Leah, Rachel, Bilhah, and Zilpah.

The number 24 is the enharmonic scale of quarter tones; and this also is sanctified in Scripture in the twenty-four elders, that surround the throne of God; and this again multiplied by 3 makes 72—the elders of the Jewish Sanhedrim, and the Septuagint or translators of the Hebrew Bible into Greek, were numerically selected and appointed upon this very principle. The number 25 is the culminating number of 24, as 8 is of 7, and 13 is of 12; and 25 is the square of 5, which is the number of the fingers, or the half of ten.

This gives an idea of the mode in which the numbers work themselves into a specific character, which may be said to be fixed and established for ever in nature, and, therefore, to those who judiciously consider the subject, numerical cabalism is as positive in its character as any other science. What can alter the law of the octave in music, or the *douzaine* of the chromatic scale? What can alter the law of the seven primary planets, unless it be the discovery or creation of an eighth, which is not very probable, as the sun itself constitutes the eighth, and completes the octave? Nature herself has sanctified the numbers; and the reverent and respectful student of nature, instead of sneering contemptuously at the efforts of ingenious men to discover their mystical properties, leaves such conduct to the witlings of steam and gunpowder philosophy, who believe in nothing at all but what makes an explosion.

Amongst the cabalistic or mystic numbers are the astronomical cycles. In our almanacs, we always find the cycles of the sun and moon; the latter is called the golden cycle. The cycle of the sun runs twenty-eight years; that of the moon, nineteen; and these multiplied into each other make five hundred and thirty-two, which is called the Victorian Period; not after our Queen however, for it was discovered 1300 years ago. There is also the Roman Indiction of fifteen years, by which the Pope or the Catholic Church reckons in the papal bulls and other documents. This present year, 1844, as may be seen in the almanac, is the fifth year of the cycle of the sun, the second year of the cycle of the moon, and the second year of the Roman indiction. The Roman indiction, or cycle of fifteen years, is the most ancient and most characteristic cycle of Christianity, and the Pope still adheres to it. The Jewish Church had a cycle of eighty-four years, in which their passovers came round again to the same day of the year. This was the characteristic cycle of Jewism. If you multiply the Christian Gentile cycle of 15 by the Jewish cycle of 84 years, you have 1260 (84×15=1260); and this 1260 is in Scripture termed the duration of the reign of the Beast or Therion—the great evil political power of the world. It is called 1260 days, or cycles, not scientific or vulgar days, but poetical days, periods. It is also called 3½ years, or 3½ times; because 1260 days make 3½ sacred or revolving years of 360 days each.

Thus far we go before the wind, and cabalism is all purely scientific. It is only to the application of these numbers to history and political and ecclesiastical events, that objections arise. We will shortly consider this application, premising, however, that much of the odium attaching to the subject arises from the sectarianism, bigotry and prejudice of individual minds, who ought to be answerable for their own sins. It seems to be a very prevalent opinion amongst the cabalists of the Christian Church that 1792, the period of the French Revolution, was a great prophetic crisis, or epoch, because then the 1260 years dating from the great Justinian Reformation or establishment of the civil or Christian Roman Empire, in A.D. 532, had their termination. And one hundred years before 1792 a Mr. Flemming, in a discourse upon the subject, stated that in 1794 the King of France's head would be in danger from a great civil revolution. This was a fortunate hit, and compared with the unfortunate ones is as a drop in the bucket. However, adding 1260 years to 532, out comes 1792; when the greatest revolution that ever happened in human society was effected.

Moreover there is something very remarkable about this 1792, as a mere number; for taking the 3½ years of the Therian period as found in the books of Daniel and Revelations, and raising them by geometrical progression to the tenth power, you have the number, 1792. Thus:—

3½	....	1st
7	.....	2nd
14	....	3rd
28	....	4th
56	....	5th
112	....	6th
224	....	7th
448	....	8th
896	....	9th
1792	....	10th

Moreover, if you regard this 3½ or Therian period as susceptible of a variety of meanings, large and small, you will discover many curious coincidences; as, for example, the following. Take the vulgar date of Noah's flood, 1656, B.C., according to the received chronology throughout the United Kingdom, as equal to one chronological period. Multiply it by 3½, *i.e.*, the Therian period.

	1656	
	3½	
	4968	
	828	
	5796	A.M.
Subtract	4004	Vulgar date of Christ's birth.
	1792	A.C.

This shows that, according to our vulgar chronology, established long before the French Revolution, the year 1792 was fixed by a chronological, a numerical, and cabalistical fatality, as a remarkable epoch; and it turned out a remarkable epoch accordingly. It matters not about the date of the flood, or of creation, being right or wrong. The coincidence is the only thing to be considered. Moreover, long after the year 4004, B.C., was fixed upon by Archbishop Usher as the chronological date of the creation of man, or the beginning of history, La Place, the French astronomer, discovered that that very year was a remarkable astronomical epoch, when the great axis of the earth's orbit coincided with the line of the equinoxes, and consequently the true and mean equinoxes were united.—(La Place, *Méchanique Céleste*, tom. iii. *p.* 113.)

Moreover, as another coincidence, take the prophet Daniel's seventy weeks' duration of evil, the seventieth week being the great week of judgment, and consequently preceded by sixty-nine weeks, one being cut off (Dan. ix., 25). And suppose the Jewish cycle of eighty-four years to be one great week—multiply this by sixty-nine—

	84	
	69	
	756	
	504	
	5796	A.M.
	4004	
	1792	

Here the same singular date of the French Revolution comes out again, regarded in this light as the beginning of the seventieth great week of eighty-four years each—which eighty-four is seven times twelve. It terminates in 1876.

The subject is altogether curious and interesting, but it requires great prudence and judgment; and the scoffing mind is not at all qualified to reason upon it. Nor can the sectarian handle it properly, because he always discovers something which condemns his own party as well as that of his opponents. For this reason, though Protestants have studied the subject more than others, they have studied so onesidedly, that in no one

book that is published can you find a free and generous solution of the interesting problems which the sacred numbers present to the ingenuous and candid mind.

Sir Isaac Newton devoted much attention to this subject; but before 1792 it was impossible to produce anything very satisfactory upon it. Voltaire laughs at Newton for this infirmity, as he calls it; but Newton will always be regarded as greater than his witling critic, and it is safer to be led by the genius of modesty than by the personation of human vanity. OMEGA.

N.B.—See coincidence in next column.

THE RIDDLER.

THE RIDDLER'S SOLUTIONS OF No. 61.

Enigma.—*Echo.*—Peake.—Friend.—Prior.—Incognita.—Evans.—D. W. P.—Typo.—Ivanhoe.

Rebus.—*Tyro, Troy, Tory.*—R. de B.—Prior.

Charade.—1. *So-fa.*—Johnson.—R. de B.—Prior.—Typo.—Ivanhoe.

French Charade.—*Or-age.*

Fruit Enigmatically Expressed.—*Melon, Plum, Apricot, Pear, Peach.*—Wyatt.—E. W.—Corfe, 3.—Peake, 1.—Nicholas, 1.—Lex.—Johnson.—R. P., 4.—Friend.—R. de B., 4.—Titmouse, 3.—C. P., 4.—Jamieson, 5.—Teucer, 4.—Saunders, 5.—Perseverando.—Prior.—Evans.—D. W. P.—Nelld, 3.—Typo.—Ivanhoe, 3.—Pickering, 2.

Female Names Enigmatically Expressed.—*Ell-en, Carol-in-e, E-liza, Ju-li-a, Victor-i-a, Sa-ra-h.*—Nicholas, 2.—Lex, 6.—Johnson, 5.—R. P., 2.—Friend, 5.—Corfe, 3.—Peake, 2.—R. de B., 5.—Titmouse, 2.—C. P., 3.—Jameson, 4.—Teucer, 4.—Saunders, 5.—Perseverando, 2.—Prior, 6.—Evans, 6.—D. W. P., 5.—Nelld, 4.—Typo, 3.—Ivanhoe.—Pickering, 2.

Arithmetical Questions.—1. £15 19*s.* $10\frac{1}{3640}$*d.*—Jacques.—Edward.—Corfe.—Johnson. J. T. B.—Bramley.—Mason.—Reaks.

2. 12 *and* 15 *feet.*—Lex.—Johnson.—W. R. B.—Titmouse.—Jacques.—R. P.—R. V. C.

3. 120—algebraically stated as follows:—Let x = the number sought; then—

$$\frac{x}{3}+\frac{x}{4}=\frac{x}{2}+10$$

$$\frac{3x}{4}=\frac{3x}{2}+30$$

$$4x+3x=6x+120$$

$$x=120 \text{ Answer.}$$

—Edward.—E. W.—W. R. B.—Hays.—Lex.—Titmouse.—Teucer.—Bramley.—Prior.—Mason.—Evans.—D. W. P.—J. Smith.

4. 14.640098 *bottom diameter*, 24.400165 *top diameter.*—Edward.—Streetham.—Lex.—Johnson.—Titmouse.—Jacques.—Bramley.—Norma.—Evans.

Solutions received too late to be inserted in their proper place.—F. H.—J. W. E.—T. S., Arundel.

☞ *The Answers to this day's Riddler, from correspondents residing in London and its vicinity, should reach us by* Saturday, *the 20th of July; answers from correspondents in the country, by* Monday, *the 22nd of July.*

PUZZLE.

I C
U
R A
D Cver.

L. H.

RIDDLE.

I'm wrinkled, wither'd, dry, and brown;
And thus it is I always come to town;
And yet there's not a ball or party nightly
Where you may not see my face unsightly;
At May fair routs, and in the palace too,
I'm sure to be invited to;
And yet vain men, in mutual passion see,
They say they care no more for others *than for me.* J. A.

ENIGMAS.

1. We are a score, nay, something more—within a cave reside;
Though we but seldom disagree, we very oft divide;
If we fall out, it is a doubt if e'er we meet again;
And beau and belle our worth can tell, though oft we cause them pain.
W. R.

2. Du repos des humains l'implacable ennemi,
J'ai rendu mille amans envieux de mon sort:
Je me repais de sang, et je trouve la vie
Dans les bras de ceux qui recherche ma mort.

CHARADE.

My first from as ancient a family springs
As any can boast of, descended from Adam;
'Tis known to all mortals, both subjects and kings;
And sometimes it pays you a visit, good madam.

My next is of talents and temper so various,
No creature on earth 's so hard to define;
All history owns it was ever precarious;
And yet without it no hist'ry could shine.

My total—but pray has it ever been proved?—
Is still more capricious and whimsical reckon'd;
I am slighted, despised, admired, beloved;
And, alas! I too oft bring my first to my second.
CAPT. SHANDY.

REBUS.

Could you but view the ranks of war,
You'd see us glittering from afar;
Transpose our name, and it will show
The fruit which in most orchards grow;
And give us yet another turn,
'Tis what the farmer does with corn;
'Twill show, too, if you change once more,
What Poverty says when at your door. BRIXIBUS.

ANAGRAM.

What most men greatly need is shown,
If you transpose *I mean to moan.* PH.

NAVAL CONUNDRUMS.

1. When is a ship no ship?
2. When is she like snow?
3. When like a painter?
4. When like an auctioneer?
5. When like a mad bull?
6. When like a lady in distress?
7. When like a horse?
8. When like a lion?
9. When like a bird?
10. When like a tailor?
11. When like a recruiting-serjeant?
12. When like a floor?
13. Why is she never alone?
14. Why is she mischievous?

FLOWERS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. A female name, and what most people strive to obtain.
2. A usual accompaniment to a lady's dress, and a consonant.
3. A carriage used in Ireland, and what the queen governs.
4. A useful animal, and a false step.
5. Three-fourths of a portion of time, the third person present tense of a neuter verb, and a letter that is sometimes a vowel and sometimes a consonant. DELTA.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

1. A certain boy some apples got,
And sixpence gave he for the lot.
Now, 54 I'm sure would be
The third, and fourth, and sixth that he
Had got in all. Pray, sir, how many
Had the boy got for half a penny? STUBNAIL.

2. If the pendulum of a clock vibrate the distance of $9\frac{3}{4}$ inches in a second of time, how many inches will it vibrate in the course of 7 years, 14 days, 2 hours, 1 minute, and 56 seconds, each year consisting of 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 48 seconds? W. W.

3. Received an order for cloth, at 16*s.* 6*d.* per yard. Now, it will take two pounds two ounces of wool to make a yard; paid four shillings per yard for making; dressing, two shillings per yard; dying the wool, one shilling per pound. How much may I give per pound for my wool, so as to gain $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. by this trade?

4. A farmer, on taking possession of his farm, had to pay for valuation of stock, &c., £1,000. Now, there was a certain number of bullocks, at £15 each; the number of sheep was five times the number of bullocks, and each sheep one-third the price of a bullock; the pigs were double the number of the sheep, and each pig half the price of a sheep; the horses were double the number of the bullocks, each horse being worth one bullock and two sheep. The farming implements were, together, worth the value of the horses; the poultry equal in value to the bullocks; and the stacks of fodder were equal to four-fifths the value of the sheep. What is the value and number of the bullocks, sheep, pigs, and horses, and value of implements, poultry, and stacks? REAKS.

Two rules, *begin* and *keep on*, will enable you to learn any language.

MAGIC EGGS.—If you write with bran-water letters on eggs, then let them be steeped or even washed with the lees of the ashes of burnt hair, these letters penetrate within, and you may see them written on the egg.

A FACT FOR NATURALISTS.—Swans (which usually build upon the ground) have this year invariably raised their nests to the height of two yards and upwards; a similar fact is observable with respect to water hens. This is by some persons deemed an omen of a very deep summer flood.—*Nottingham Journal.*

COINCIDENCE.—We were struck the other day, in looking at a work called the *Lives of the Presidents*, with a few curious coincidences of numbers which relate to the line of five presidents, beginning and ending with an Adams. Here is a table, for instance, of the periods in which they were born and went out of office:—

Born				*Retired*
1735	..	John Adams	..	1801
1743	..	Thomas Jefferson	..	1809
1751	..	James Madison	..	1817
1759	..	James Monroe	..	1825
1767	..	J. Quincy Adams	..	1829

Now, it will be seen by this, that Jefferson was born just eight years after his predecessor, John Adams; Madison eight years after Jefferson; Monroe eight years after Madison; and John Quincy Adams eight years after Monroe. Another curious fact to be observed is, that Adams was just 66 years old when he retired; Jefferson was 66; Madison was 66; Monroe was 66; and John Quincy Adams, had he been elected to a second term, would have been 66. Adams, Jefferson, and Monroe, all died on the fourth of July.—*New York Evening Post.*

RANDOM READINGS.

"I'm down with ye," as the fat alderman said, when he seated himself on the soft cushion of his easy chair.

"Mamma, are all vessels called she?" "Yes, my dear." "Then why are all the national ships called men of war?" "Jane, put that child to bed."

Why is a young lady attired according to the present fashion like a careful housewife? Because she keeps her *waist* (waste) in a small compass.

What pains are those that get more prevalent in every country with the increase of the population, yet medical men never try to relieve them?—Pains (panes) of glass !!!

Wafers with the motto "Not to be *Grahamed*" have been manufactured, intended as an additional injunction against breaking the seal.

The other day, a carrier had two barrels to deliver—one containing guano, and the other Roman cement. He delivered them crosswise; and the farmer's man was astonished to find the "foreign muck," when watered, turn to stone; while the mason protested he could not go on with his job, the cement was so remarkably fragrant! The blunder was at last discovered.

An astrologer having assured Charles the Ninth of France, that he would live as many days as he should turn about on his heels in an hour, standing on one leg, his Majesty every morning performed that solemn gyration; the principal officers of the court, the judges, the chancellors, and generals, likewise, in compliment, standing on one leg and turning round.

A German paper reports, that the late riot at Breslau, when most threatening, was brought to a close by an unexpected circumstance, which excited the mirth of the crowd. The following proclamation suddenly appeared in various parts of the town—"The revolution cannot be continued, in consequence of the sudden hoarseness of the journeymen-bootmakers!" This pleasantry immediately put a stop to the proceedings.

A young and pretty girl stepped into a store where a spruce young man, who had long been enamoured but dared not speak, stood behind the counter, selling dry goods. In order to remain as long as possible, she cheapened everything; at last she said; "I believe you think I am cheating you." "Oh, no," said the youngster; "to me you are always *fair*." "Well," whispered the lady; blushing as she laid an emphasis on the word, "I would not stay so long bargaining if you were not so *dear*."

Scotch Bull.—At a benefit in Edinburgh, not long since, the play-bill stated, that the evening's entertainment would conclude with an *interlude!*

Recipe for the Lovesick.—Hard boiled eggs are said to be a cure for love; they lie so heavy on the stomach as to make the sufferer forget the weight upon his heart.

A Quadruple Alliance.—The sloth, which has just arrived in this country, is described to have four stomachs. He has four good reasons to congratulate himself, then, that the Zoological-gardens is not a Poor Law Union.—*Punch.*

German Wines.—A Philadelphia paper assures its readers that some of the German wines are as sour as vinegar, and as rough as a file. "It is remarked of the wines of Stutgard," says this authority, "that one is like a cat scampering down your throat head foremost, and another is like drawing the same cat back again by its tail."

Notice to Letter-writers.—The authorities at the Post-office have determined in future to have lamps instead of candles, in consequence of the moulds hitherto used in the secret department leaving an imperfect impression of the wax. To supply the requisite quantity of Oil, orders have been issued to destroy an unusual number of Seals.—*Puck.*

The Weather and the Crops.—Running Rein came down heavy on Tuesday last. Much thunder and lightning. The kennels were overflowed, and several noblemen and gentlemen got well ducked, and were obliged to seek shelter under gateways, in company with thimble-riggers, cads, and costermongers. A log of Wood was shivered to splinters in Baron Alderson's Park, Westminster. Epsom Flats, which had suffered much from the long drought, are now looking quite green. Colonel Peel has commenced haymaking, and will cut a decent lot of fodder.—*Puck.*

The Wild Man.—There is a story told of the late Dick Martin, which occurred forcibly to my mind when I paid my first visit to the Ojibbeways. Dick, being at Greenwich fair, was led, by a very superfluous curiosity on the part of the King in Conemara, to enter a booth, whose proprietor professed to exhibit "a wild man." There, assuredly, he saw a very wild-looking individual, with his head and face covered with a profusion of red, shaggy hair—a regular *glib*, nearly naked, and with a chain about his waist. But Mr. Martin, upon observing that the savage seemed to display towards him some uncouth and uneasy signs of recognition, was induced to examine him more closely; and the result was he recognized in the "wild man" one of his own tenants, and shouted out, with all the indignation becoming a legislator in favour of animals, "Why, then, Flaherty, you blackguard of the world, what is it you're about there, at all, making a beast of yourself entirely, entirely?" "Earning the rent for your honour," was Mr. Flaherty's propitiatory (and, to an Irish landlord, unanswerable reply.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

The Prize Comedy.—"What do you think of Mrs. Gore's '*Quid*' now?" asked a Young Englander of Charles Young the other morning. "Why," said Charles, "it will do very well if the public *choose to-back her*."—*Puck.*

A Nut for the Paris Charivari.—The Prince of Joinville is in great dudgeon that the Emperor of Russia should be lauded for contributing £500 to the Wellington and Nelson statues. "What is it compared to what we did?" observed his Royal Highness to Admiral Mackau, "Didn't we contribute 'the bronze?'"—*Punch.*

Caution to Scribblers.—In Twiss's *Life of Lord Eldon* is the following anecdote of his lordship's college days, as related by himself:—"Reay and I went up from Oxford to London together. We dined at March's, Maidenhead-bridge, and upon the window Reay observed, that a person of Chipping Norton, whose name I now forget, had written that he dined there on a leg of mutton, upon a day and year mentioned in what was written. When we got to the Somerset Coffee-house Reay sent him a letter, stating, that as he had thought it important to inform the public that he had dined at Maidenhead-bridge, and upon a leg of mutton, he must have expected that some of the public would inquire how the mutton had agreed with him; and he therefore took the liberty of sending such an inquiry, from his friend 'Tom Comical.' Next day he sent him a double letter, hoping that, as probably he had potatoes with his mutton, they had not disagreed with him. Two days afterwards he sent a treble letter (rather expensive in those days), representing, that as his friend 'Tom Comical' had received no answer to his inquiry how the mutton and potatoes had agreed with him, he had probably made a mistake, and should have inquired how the mutton and French beans, or some other vegetables, had agreed with him, and assured him that he should repeat his kind and anxious inquiries every day till his answer came. We were soon afterwards obliged to return to college, and, stopping at March's, we found that the pane had been taken out of the window and a new one put in its place. Whilst we were looking at the window, old March came in, and, observing us, he said, 'Ay, ay, one of you must be the gentleman that sent the person who has been here from Chipping Norton so many letters, Poor man! he came all the way from Chipping Norton, twenty odd miles the other side of Oxford, and insisted upon seeing the pane of glass, the leg of mutton, and all the rest, taken out of the window, and a new pane put in, before he would eat a morsel.'"

PUNCH'S SAFETY ANTI-GRAHAM WAFERS,

With the following among other Devices and Mottoes:

DEVICE.	MOTTO.
A Blunderbuss on full Cock	I hope the contents will reach you.
A Black Lobster	Not to be *red* without getting into hot water.
A Manacle	I trust this will come to hand.
A Clenched Fist	Should this meet your eye.
A Bee	Touch my wax, you'll feel my sting.
A Soda-water Bottle	If open'd, a noise will follow.
Crocodile with Mouth open	You're welcome to the inside.
A Fox	You'll be run down, if you break cover.

THE LAMENT OF THE DESERTED ONE.

When I saw you first in Regent-street with your gloves of lemon kid,
And your gossamer cock'd on your head, you look'd a dear you did!
As you strutted down with other swells, some two or three, I think;
But of all the swells in Regent-street, oh! Ned, you were the pink!
Oh, Edward Jones! oh, Edward Jones! you've proved a base deceiver,
And Polyhymnia Smith has been a too, too fond believer!

You soon found out my father's house, and hasten'd in the dark,
And promised faithfully to be my true and loving spark;
And I put my arms around your neck, and kiss'd you many a time,
And you look'd up at the moon and stars, and talk'd—oh! quite sublime!
Oh, Edward, &c.

And I took you to the warehouse, and gave you figs and plums,
And you peep'd into the butter-casks, and tried my father's rums;
And I gave you lots of treacle, Ned, enough I'm sure to swim,
And my father turn'd th' apprentice off, because he thought 'twas *him*.
Oh, Edward, &c.

One night you didn't come, Ned, I caught an awful cold,
I spoilt my best new gown, Ned, and fearful was the scold;
And never since have we two met at the former trysting place—
I wish I knew your new love's name—wouldn't I scratch her face!
Oh, Edward, &c.

I'll watch some dark, dark night, Ned, when my father's o'er his wine,
And go and drown myself, Ned, in the deep, deep Serpentine;
I know you did it per advice of your gay friend, Viscount Frith;
Oh! wicked, wicked Edward Jones! oh! luckless Polly Smith!
Oh, Edward Jones! oh, Edward Jones! you've proved a gay deceiver,
And Polyhymnia Smith has been a too, too fond believer! *Puck.*

Published by George Biggs, of 421, Strand, London; to whom all Communications are requested to be sent.

Printed at the Steam-press of W. H. Cox, 5, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.